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### PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



### **HIGH TIME FOR PUBLIC BANKS**

here's one thing the pirates on Wall Street fear above all else: public banking. Instead of funding the lordly lifestyles of Goldman Sachs bankers, ripping off consumers left and right with deceptive practices (like Wells Fargo), engaging in money laundering for criminals and other shady deals, public banks work for the public interest and small business entrepreneurs, giving them and other civic organizations affordable loans.

Only one American state has a public bank—the Bank of North Dakota, and it's a huge success story. In 2014 The Wall Street Journal reported that the Bank of North Dakota "is more profitable than Goldman Sachs Group Inc., has a better credit rating than J.P. Morgan Chase & Co., and hasn't seen profit growth drop since 2003."

Germany has had public savings banks, known as Sparkassen, since the 18th century. Today fully half of Germany's banking assets are in the public sector. Many local public banks throughout the country support small businesses with affordable capitala major factor in Germany's booming export trade. These banks are also more profitable than their private counterparts, paying more taxes than the private banks and generating revenue for local governments. Switzerland has a similar network of equally successful public banks.

Why are these banks so successful? For one, they don't pay exorbitant salaries to golden-parachute-collecting CEOs. They don't engage in risky derivatives trading and other casino capitalism shenanigans. And they don't hide their earnings in offshore tax havens. Basically, they are like nonprofits that recycle wealth back into local communities.

Advocates say a federal public bank could be operated through the post office, with infrastructure already existing in every nook and cranny of the U.S. In Los Angeles a proposal to form a public bank for the city will be on the ballot in the upcoming election. The city could save millions or billions on Wall Street fees and interest with a public bank, in addition to smoothing business operations for legal cannabis sales.

Many say it could never happen here, but that's what we once thought about legalizing marijuana too. Times do change. And there's one big selling point that even conservatives could fall for: Government operations funded by public banks could mean reduced tax burdens for everyone. What right-wing Republican wouldn't love that?

It almost makes too much sense. That's why Wall Street will break out the big lobby guns to kill any public banking legislation. But with strong citizen support and a few honest politicians to lead the way, America can change the banking industry for the good of all Americans.

fory of hyon

Larry Flynt













### **AMERICA'S GREATNESS**

THERE IS A REAL DANGER IN THINKING THAT OUR COUNTRY IS ALWAYS VIRTUOUS WHEN ITS BEHAVIOR OBVIOUSLY ISN'T.

ometimes you read a passage that stops you in your tracks, and the world never looks quite the same again. That happened to me while reading Seymour Hersh's latest book, *Reporter: A Memoir*. He recounts some of his biggest stories, most notably the legendary journalist's exposé on the My Lai massacre: the mass murder of an estimated 347 to 504 noncombatants—mostly women, children and old men—by U.S. soldiers during the Vietnam War

In one scene of the carnage, about 90 frightened villagers were herded into a ditch, and Lieutenant William Calley ordered the infantrymen under his command to slaughter them. But they missed a very young child. In a podcast interview with me, Hersh recalled that moment, now permanently burned into my brain:

"When they got done killing, they sat a few dozen yards away and had their lunch—K-rations. And they heard a noise.... Some mother at the bottom of the pile had tucked her two-year-old boy under her stomach. And he was crawling through the pile in obvious panic, and he was screeching, full of other people's blood. When he got to the top, he began to run across a field." Calley pointed to the fleeing child and ordered one of his men to "plug 'im." The soldier refused. Hersh continued, "So this great brave officer, Lieutenant Calley, with his carbine, ran behind the kid and blew off his head."

Think of the fate of that toddler any time you hear someone like Donald Trump talking about making America great again. Or Hillary Clinton, who chided her opponent during the 2016 Presidential campaign by insisting that America never stopped being great. They were both deeply wrong, but not because one young U.S. Army officer suddenly acted like a barbaric maniac.

America itself has been a barbaric maniac, and numerous atrocities and scandals largely went unpunished or unreported. The latter wasn't going to happen with Hersh's My Lai scoop. After major publications passed on it because they feared the government would deny that U.S. soldiers had murdered hundreds of civilians, including babies, Hersh syndicated the exposé and won a Pulitzer Prize.

The Vietnam War, the killing of black slaves who dared flee to freedom, the genocide of Native Americans and the drone assassinations routinely authorized by recent Presidents all entail the death of innocents. However, throughout our nation's history, such loss of life has been deemed unintended collateral damage when America is to blame, but a terrorist act or war crime when others are culpable.

In the case of My Lai, the slaughter of innocents was well known by the chain of command all the

way to the highest levels of the Pentagon and covered up, as were many similar incidents, simply as a natural by-product of war. Even after Hersh's exposé, which led to Calley's court-martial and a life prison sentence (with hard labor), then-President Richard Nixon intervened. He ordered that Calley be transferred from a military prison and placed under house arrest in his quarters at Fort Benning. Three years later the Secretary of the Army drastically reduced Calley's sentence, which was ultimately commuted to time served.

That leniency was typical of the whitewashing of our history when we Americans may make a "mistake," such as invading Iraq to eliminate weapons of mass destruction that our government knew were not there. But even though there is much collateral damage in the mayhem that the United States so frequently invokes, most of us don't consider our leaders' decisions or acts to be war crimes. Not even dropping two atomic bombs on Japan in broad daylight to maximize civilian casualties, instantly killing hundreds of thousands of innocent people near the end of World War II, has

hardly ever been acknowledged as terrorism.

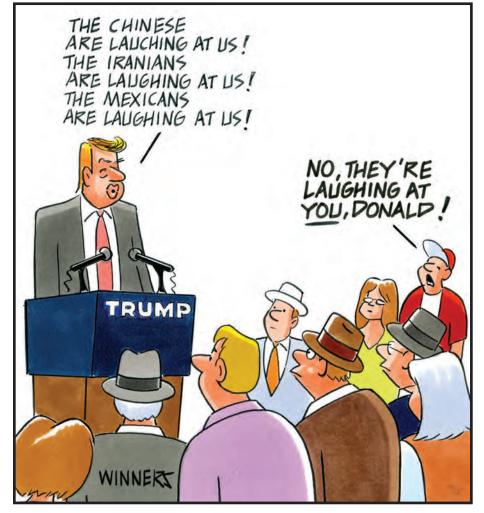
ROBERT SCHEER

That is the real danger of insisting that America is always basically virtuous when its behavior obviously isn't. Of course, our country certainly isn't the only offender of a code of decency, but we Americans have worked ourselves into a lather of patriotic pride that blinds us to our often deep moral failings.

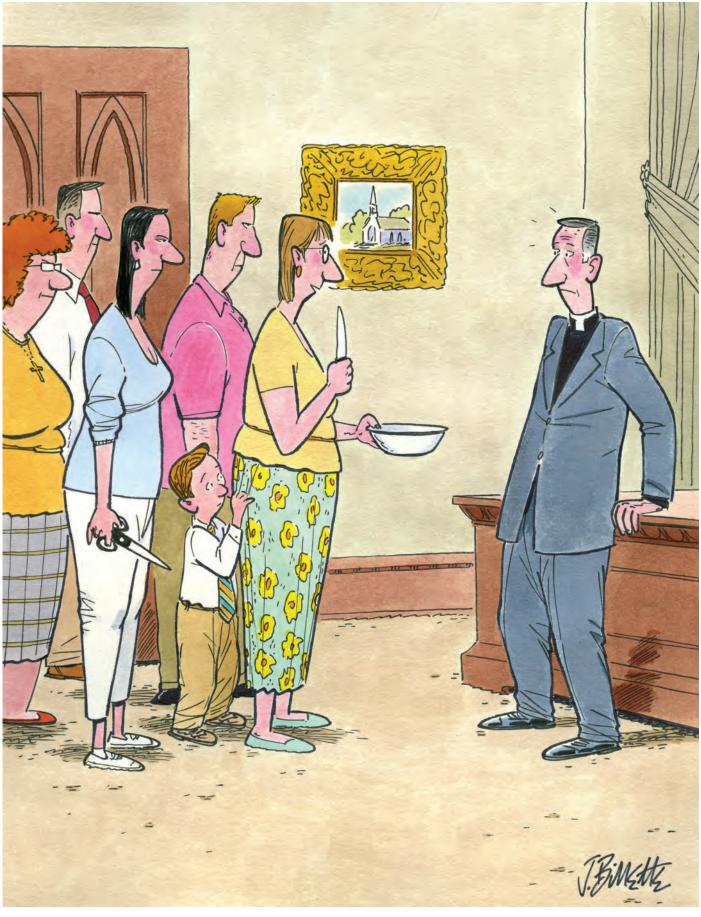
If the My Lai Massacre were the only egregious example of the arrogance of power chronicled in Hersh's memoir, it could be sidelined as aberrant. But during his long and brilliant career, this intrepid journalist uncovered many others. Two that stand out are the killing of innocent blacks by Chicago police officers—which Hersh witnessed as a fledgling reporter—and the U.S. military's Abu Ghraib torture scandal in Iraq decades later.

Just as with other countries around the world, sometimes America is great, and sometimes it is quite the opposite. Thanks to Seymour Hersh for being among the best in pointing that out.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.* 







"Father, it's not that we don't trust you with our children, but just to be on the safe side, we need to cut your balls off."



### **JUSTICE KENNEDY'S PARTING GIFTS**

IF I KNEW YOU WERE LEAVING, I'D HAVE BAKED A CAKE, THEN REFUSED TO SELL IT TO YOU.

ne might argue that the Republicans' stolen majority on the U.S. Supreme Court hit rock bottom with a spate of terrible 5-4 decisions this year. But that was before Justice Anthony Kennedy, the Reagan appointee who served as an occasional swing vote, announced his retirement. Before leaving, he sided with fellow Republican appointees in case after case, leaving progressives, civil rights advocates and democracy lovers seething.

• Half-baked justice. Kennedy wrote the majority opinion in a case that right-wing Christian hucksters believe was a great victory for free speech and religious liberty. In fact, it was a kick in the teeth to Constitutional civil rights.

After a Colorado bakeshop owner refused to sell a wedding cake to a same-sex couple, supposedly on religious grounds, he was found in violation of state antidiscrimination laws. Egged on by a well-funded anti-LGBTQ group, the baker made a federal case of it. (Remember where the Bible commands, "Thou shalt not bake a cake for homosexuals"?)

Kennedy, who had stood up for gay rights in the past, took the bait. He berated one member of Colorado's Civil Rights Commission, which ruled against the baker in 2014, for displaying "hostility" to religion when she accurately noted that "freedom of religion and religion has been used to justify all kinds of discrimination throughout history," including slavery and the Holocaust. The state's decision, therefore, was overturned.

While right-wingers are burning victory crosses, the ruling isn't what they pretend. The Court left the question of the Constitutionality of antidiscrimination laws for another day. The lawyer representing the Colorado couple said they "could go right back into Masterpiece Cakeshop today and request a cake to celebrate their wedding anniversary." The owner or any other baker "would have no First Amendment right to turn them away." So there's that.

• One strike and you're out. Because apparently voting is now way too easy, the Supreme Court ruled 5-4 that Ohio—and, presumably, all other states—may begin purging voters if they fail to vote in a single federal election. That despite 1993's National Voter Registration Act, which decreed that voters may not be removed "by reason of the person's failure to vote." But why should so-called conservatives, who pretend to follow the literal wording of a law, care about such things? According to a Reuters study, those residing in Democratic-leaning jurisdictions are now being removed from electoral rolls at twice the rate of those in GOP-leaning areas.

• Gerrymanders as far as the eye can see. Lower federal courts ruled that Republican-controlled legislatures gave themselves an unconstitutional partisan advantage when drawing district maps for the Wisconsin State Assembly and, in North Carolina, for the U.S. House of Representatives. In Maryland it was Dems who unlawfully drew one Congressional district. In Texas the GOP created several racially gerrymandered electoral districts.

The Supreme Court sidestepped the issue in the Wisconsin, North Carolina and Maryland cases, letting all of those gamed districts stand as is. It also upheld all but one of the racially gerrymandered Texas districts. Rather than find partisan gerrymandering to be unconstitutional, as many had hoped, the Court's stolen right-wing majority kicked the can down the road. Republicans will retain their unfair and unbalanced districts for another electoral cycle; perhaps forever.

• It's not snake oil; it's "free speech"! In California, antiabortion activists have opened hundreds of fake "medical" facilities called crisis pregnancy centers. Lawmakers in 2015 passed a bill that required all such centers in the state to post signs telling "patients" that free or low-cost abortions are available throughout California. Phone numbers of agencies that could connect women to providers also had to be posted.

An antiabortion group challenged the law. The Court recently found it to be likely unconstitutional in another 5-4 decision. By siding with the centers,

BRAD FRIEDMAN
the Supremes ruled that lying to and deceiving preg-

nant women is protected free speech. Who knew?

• Fuck you and the union you free-rode in on! In its final glorious 5-4 outrage before Justice Kennedy rode into an ignominious sunset, the Supreme Court dealt what could be a death blow to organized labor. It ruled that public-sector unions may no longer collect fees from nonmembers, even though, by law, nonunion employees must receive the same benefits as union workers. The decision will devastate public-sector unions, but it's a great deal for the free riders enjoying union benefits without having to pay for them—at least until that windfall vanishes

These 5-4 rulings, experts tell me, would have all gone the *opposite* way had Senate Republicans not blocked Barack Obama's nominee to fill an unexpected Court vacancy. The seat remained empty for nearly the entire final year of his Presidency.

with the demise of all workers' mightiest weapon:

collective bargaining.

If Trump's far-right nominee, federal judge Brett Kavanaugh, is confirmed as Anthony Kennedy's replacement, the aforementioned decisions will sound downright liberal. Still think that voting doesn't matter and that there's no difference between the two major parties? If so, you have only yourself to blame for everything you, your children and your children's children are about to lose.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).













he GOP Blond Brigade—Trump's bevy of peppy, fair-haired female underlings and media cheerleaders—got a new recruit last year with Kirstjen Nielsen, the Nordic blonde appointed as Secretary of Homeland Security. She quickly adapted to the ethos of the administration, striving to become a superstar asshole in a Cabinet teeming with them.

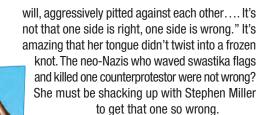
No doubt, it's a tough gig working for the Tantrum Master, but Kirstjen has applied herself with full-bore sycophancy, sucking up the chief's aura of clueless moronism and making it her own. Trump gave her a public spanking in a Cabinet meeting this spring for not doing enough to keep undocumented immigrants from crossing our sacred southern border. Nielsen was so upset that she reportedly considered resigning. Initially she had not been too keen on Trump's desire to separate children from their

undocumented immigrant parents, but soon enough she clicked her high heels, kissed her boss's ass and got to work. It was time once again for the Trump troops to do something incredibly cruel and stupid.

From April 19 through May 31, the Department of Homeland Security yanked almost 2,000 minors away from what the DHS described as their "alleged adult guardians." Many were shipped from the border to caged enclosures in distant detention centers, in scenes reminiscent of the Japanese internment during World War II. Gauleiter Stephen Miller—who probably has secret swastika tattoos on his butt—was the spiritual guide behind this operation. It didn't take long for all hell to break loose, as Americans expressed utter outrage at the practice of traumatizing innocent children to deter the border crossing of immigrants.

Elizabeth Holtzman, a member of the Advisory Council to the DHS, guit her position in protest and hurled this zinger at Nielsen: "Considering that history [of U.S. harboring refugees], the thought that the U.S. government is afraid today of 2,000 children and their parents is both laughable and appalling.... Although it is I who am resigning in protest over these policies, it is you who should be tendering your resignation instead." Even Franklin Graham, son of evangelist Billy Graham and normally a reliable sock puppet for Republican bullshit, condemned the policy: "I think it's disgraceful, and it's terrible to see families ripped apart, and I don't support that one bit," he said. Well, hell's bells, a right-wing Christian minister actually supporting a compassionate policy that Jesus Christ himself would have favored! Miracles really do happen.

All the scathing publicity led Kirstjen to flip-



SSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Nielsen's act of ignorance has apparently led to genuine ignorance. Back in May she also said that she was unaware of the U.S. intelligence agencies' conclusion that Russia had meddled in the 2016 election to try to help Trump win. This is like a high government official in 1969 saying she was unaware of the Apollo 11

moon landing. Russian election meddling has only been the number-one sizzling hot topic on every news and comedy show for the past

year. And we've known the Kremlin had a preference for the GOP nominee since January 2017. Has she been in a walking coma this whole time?

Who knows how long Nielsen will last as captain of the DHS? Trump's helpers are like those poor subordinates to villains in James Bond films: "We do not tolerate failure, Number Three." Then the floor parts, and they drop into the shark tank. Nielsen's only real claim to fame before this gig was as special assistant to President Dubya Bush for prevention, preparedness and response when Hurricane Katrina walloped New Orleans. Although not solely responsible for the negligent response to that catastrophe, Nielsen's team was cited in a bipartisan House report for "failing to recognize the threat to New Orleans from Katrina and conveying the gravity of the situation after the storm hit," as reported by *The Washington Post*.

But this didn't put a dent in her career—no, that's not how Washington works. After leaving the Bush Administration in 2008, she founded Sunesis Consulting with herself listed as the only employee and her personal cell phone number being the only contact. In 2013 the "company" won a federal contract worth \$450,000 to provide "policy and legislation, technical writing and organizational development" to FEMA. Wow, that's a helluva payday for the great "preparedness and response" she demonstrated during Katrina.

When she finally resigns the current job, or Trump dumps her, Kirstjen is sure to make another trip through the revolving door and cash in with an even bigger windfall. These days Washington is full of hustlers making millions from their stints in government service, and there's no bigger money pot than the huge, wasteful Homeland Security racket. It's loaded to the gills with greedy, useless assholes, and Kirstjen Nielsen is on her way to becoming queen of them all.

### **KIRSTJEN NIELSEN**

flop like a tuna on a hot boat deck. In June she actually tweeted that the administration did not have a policy of separating children from their parents, when that's exactly what was happening and what was being broadcast on every TV channel for the whole world to see. Then she blamed the entire fiasco on Democrats for allowing unspecified loopholes in immigration law. Then she said that Trump didn't have the authority to sign an executive order suspending the policy, which is exactly what Trump did a short time later, with Nielsen standing beside him!

In July she uttered this pants-on-fire gem at the Aspen Security Forum: "There are billboards in Central America, in the Northern Triangle countries, advertising how to grab a kid to get into the United States illegally. Because that loophole is so big." PolitiFact, a nonpartisan, Pulitzer Prize-winning organization, struggled to find evidence for her claim, stating, "Several experts who study immigration and have traveled to Central America told us they have never heard of or seen such billboards." No other researchers, aid workers, travelers or local citizens have reported seeing such billboards either. They exist only in Nielsen's imagination.

At this same Aspen forum, when asked about Trump's defense of the white supremacists who marched in the Charlottesville rally in August 2017, she squeezed out this tortured turd: "I think what's interesting about that is we saw, and I think we continue to learn—maybe there was different, whether it was foreign influence or different purposeful attempts to get both sides, if you

PHOTO BY MEDIAPUNCH INC/ALAMY

## PHOTO COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

### GANGBANGS FOR ALL!

Who knows what secrets lie in the hearts of women? Well, researchers at the University of Montreal apparently. Their study revealed a not-so-vanilla fantasy shared by many of the fairer sex. Published in the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* and reported by *Allure*, the research suggests that 28.3% of women have fantasized about having sex with more than one man at the same time, while 24.7% have fantasized about being with more than one woman at the same time. That's more or less a quarter of the female population.

They discovered that gangbangs—or group sex, for those who feel the former is a tad too aggro—are still somewhat stigmatized. But sexperts claim this is actually part of the appeal: the attraction of what we see as taboo. So how do you turn your or your significant other's fantasy into reality? Of course, the wild acrobatics we see in videos are in actuality highly orchestrated and negotiated well in advance of the deed itself. So sex-positive psychotherapist Liz Powell suggests starting slow. Get a feel for multiple partners at the same time before going for broke. Maybe try to arrange a threesome first.

Scheduling can be a nightmare, so it helps if you're part of a community that is already open to this kind of experience. Kink social network FetLife is a one place to meet like-minded individuals and learn about events. Pro tip: a local FetLife mixer is called a "munch." Most importantly, always be safe and meet people in real life before you gangbang them. Trump supporters can be sneaky, and you don't want to end up with STS (sexually transmitted stupidity).

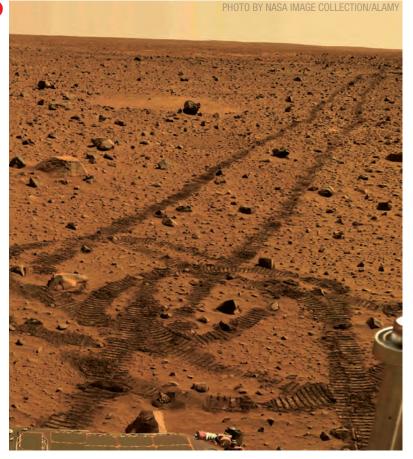
### **SPACE DICK?**

There are some pretty big dicks in Australia—or rather, from Australia, *cough*, Mel Gibson, *cough*—but only one you can see from space. And it's resting comfortably between Hugh Jackman's legs, dressed slightly to the left.

Kidding! What we're talking about is actually more akin to a crop circle, except way more awesome. The phallus was apparently carved into the bed of a dry lake near Geelong, Australia. It appears quite clearly on Google Maps, where users have been leaving five-star reviews. Justifiably so, since it's a magnificent cock measuring some 160 feet in length (take that, John Holmes). Geelong residents have known about the space dick for some time, though the artist has yet to come forward. Could this be an elaborate PR ploy by Netflix to promote *American Vandal*? And how did that piece of shit pick up an Emmy nomination? We digress...

But what if this was more than just juvenile hijinks? What if dick pics are a form of interstellar communication? Take, for example, the image of male genitalia etched onto the surface of Mars—that's right, NASA's *Spirit* rover "accidentally" traced a twig 'n' berries during a 2013 expedition. According to *Newsweek*, the satellite images remained on NASA's website long enough for Reddit users to crash it.

And the monoliths in Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey? That's right, giant dicks, reaching up into infinity. The truth is out there.



**HUSTLER** NOVEMBER 2018







### THE REAL FAKE NEWS: DEMS RESIST TRUMP WITH BITING INTERPRETIVE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—It's a Sunday evening, and the typically calm Capitol is a cacophony of music, choreographed movement and a simmering sense of hope. The junior senator from Illinois, Tammy Duckworth, is spinning haphazardly, flapping the wings of the bird she represents. "The bird is an eagle," she says, "yearning to be free."

"When Nancy and Barbara approached me with this idea, I thought they were joking—some new-age Berkeley nonsense," says Senate Minority Leader Chuck Schumer (NY). "But once you put on the full-body leotard, lace up the shoes and thoroughly stretch your groin, you truly begin to feel the raw, revolutionary power of dance—the political possibilities."

Barbara Lee, a congresswoman representing California's 13th district, is painted head to toe in purple. Bent at the waist, her open hands forming antlers on her head, she bounds across the rotunda, stopping briefly to graze upon "the wheat of strong opposition." When asked what that means—or if any of this will translate into legislative action and a check on Presidential powers, Lee bleats dismissively, licks her knee and leaps away.

"It's about the beauty of movement, telling a story with your body," explains Nancy Pelosi, House Minority Leader from San Francisco. "We can create an aesthetically wonderful and convincing political narrative through free, expressive dance. Our Republican colleagues across the aisle and in the White House are simply not prepared



for this kind of aggressive, revolutionary performance art."

When asked about the Democratic strategy, Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell (KY) reportedly laughed his flat ass off and said, "Ha, yeah. For years I've been telling the Democratic leadership that I'm terrified of interpretive dancing and its power to shape policy."

In response, Pelosi mimed being trapped in a small cage, broke free, did the robot and yelled, "Hashtag Resist!"

DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO FOX & FRIENDS.

### NEW YORK TIMES IN TURMOIL; PAPER DEPLETES EUPHEMISMS FOR LIE

The Gray Lady is in disarray, its offices in chaos, as demoralized staff historians and freelance linguists scour obscure texts for fresh ways to describe White House dissembling. "It's every day, all day with the 'false claims' and 'misstatements!'" says an anonymous copy editor. "For some reason, we're not allowed to say— I should've invested in my cousin's app. Fuck."

### GIRLFRIEND'S "TRUE CRIME" OBSESSION CAUSE FOR CONCERN

Suspicions mount as Dave Winthrop's live-in girlfriend, Alison, binges every "true crime" show and podcast ever created. "She'll say stuff like, 'You gotta match the blood splatter!' while giving me side-eye," says Winthrop. "She told me they'd never find diatoms in my lungs. I have no idea what that means, and I'm scared."

### AMERICANS SHOCKED TO LEARN TWO THINGS CAN BE TRUE AT ONCE

A group of scientists at the University of Washington studied 2,500 self-described "stable geniuses" and discovered that the majority were incapable of grasping basic concepts, such as: Someone can dislike Trump and also dislike Obama or that one can think Russia

interfered in the 2016 elections and that Clinton ran an uninspired campaign. "When we confronted the participants with the obvious truth," says lead researcher Dr. Karen Hull, "their heads just exploded—literally. It took weeks to mop up."

### HOWLER MONKEY TAPPED FOR WHITE HOUSE COMMUNICATIONS

Wheeled into the White House press room in his golden cage and chiffon diaper, Mr. Screamy set the tone on his first day by challenging CNN's Jim Acosta with a guttural, seven-minute howl. "Mr. Screamy is great; he really gets what we're about here," said Press Secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders. "He's no-nonsense, on message, and my hair's bug-free for the first time in years."

### TRUMP DIDN'T NOT MAYBE NEVER SAID THING HE MAYBE DIDN'T NOT SAY

Accompanied by a screaming, visibly irate howler monkey, Press Secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders clarified President Trump's statement in Helsinki. "You all think he said, 'I don't maybe not didn't see why,' but that's fake news. He clearly meant that he might not maybe never do and that." To bring the point home, the monkey leaped from its golden cage and tried to mate with Jim Acosta's face.



# "You boys can keep your virgins. Give me hot old women in high heels with asses that forgot to get old." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, AUTHOR

### **BITS** PIECES

### THE DEVIRGINIZER

Face it, sex isn't a cakewalk for everyone. Disabilities, anxieties—everyone comes to bed with their own baggage, and the pressure can be debilitating. But why go it alone when professional help is available? Say hello to sex surrogacy, a therapeutic approach to squashing those pesky hang-ups once and for all.

In an interview with *HuffPost*, Kendra Holliday explains her very intimate and somewhat legally nebulous craft. She and others like her help folks overcome social and sexual issues through "hands-on intimacy." She stresses that it is therapeutic and healing—not merely entertainment. Think of her more as an unlicensed therapist who gives clinically happy endings.

How it works is probably not far from how you'd imagine: first, a fully clothed consultation with Holliday as she gets to know you and builds a rapport; next, a very relaxed intimacy session as you both become familiar with each other's body. Only then does physical intimacy begin. Sort of like your first three guitar lessons, albeit less erotic.

Technique is learned later. Holliday's first order of business is being present in the moment and learning to recognize pleasure. Body mapping is also part of the curriculum; and as you might suspect, 90% of her male clients are concerned about penis size and functionality. Her advice? "Do you like it? Does it give you pleasure? Yes? See, there's no need to turn a 'good' thing into a 'bad' thing!"

It certainly doesn't hurt that Holliday is, in professional parlance, smoking hot. And while she's been many men's first (she jokingly refers to herself as The Devirginizer), some of her sessions have actually saved marriages. Like the time a couple sought her help because the wife couldn't figure out how to give her husband oral sex. "It was becoming such an issue, they were considering splitting. They hired me for coaching, and I was able to work with them intimately and pinpoint the problem—she was approaching it in a detached, mechanical style she saw in porn. I taught her how to switch up her mind-set so that she was more plugged in, present and sensual in her approach, and within two sessions, their problem was solved."

She's a miracle worker for sure. But, Kendra, if you or your clients are watching dispassionate porn, might we recommend the oral stylings of HUSTLER Honey Abella Danger (above)?



### JIZZ FACIALS

If you're a fan of giving or receiving messy, sticky cum facials, then you're gonna love what these two bloggers have to say about the health benefits of hot loads.

Angela Nwosu, from Nigeria, shares sex tips on Facebook with her 50,000 followers. In a post she describes how she used sperm as a pimple treatment for her face. The results: a resounding success.

"Yes, ladies! Your man can indeed help you to have a golden glowing face," she writes to the delight of every guy ever. "It may sound weird, but trust me when I say it works and it's the best."

She didn't get into the circumstances surrounding her discovery. Suffice it to say that now she can't get enough of the sticky white stuff. "Sperm is good for skin care. Proteins and other nutrients rich in sperm can help for a flawless facial treatment."

British beauty blogger Tracy Kiss is an ardent fan too. She mixes sperm with egg whites and lavender oil and then leaves it on her face for 15 minutes. She does this three times a week. Apparently it's delivered daily by a friend, though Kiss is quick to point out that she is not involved in the extraction process (booooo).

"Semen builds babies. They come out very soft and have beautiful skin. And it leaves my skin nice and soft, so I'm very happy to use this as a facial," she writes. Commendable logic.

But why stop at facials? In a bid to boost her immunity, Kiss also adds her best friend's baby batter to her daily health shake. She mixes the semen with fruit, seeds, coconut or almond milk—but is also happy to drink it on its own. According to her, she no longer feels rundown, and her mood has improved—in fact, she claims to be "full of beans!"





















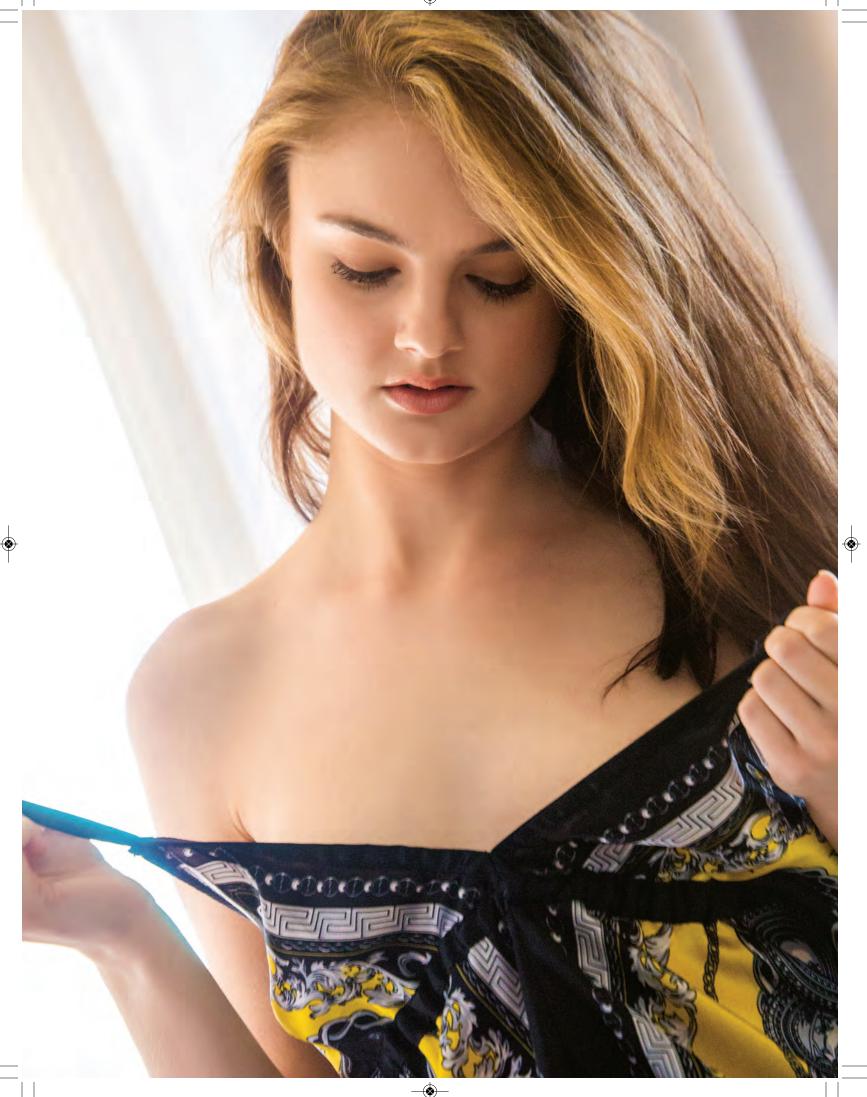












y first experience with HUSTLER Magazine was when a friend handed me one to roll a joint on. Now when I hear the name, I think of gorgeous and empowered women. I'm thankful I get to live a comfortable life doing as I please when I please—and I feel like I promote body positivity!

"Three things no one would know from looking at me: I can do a headstand for a very long time, I have been a vegetarian for five years, and I'm a businesswoman. I grew up around my grandma, and she was an herbalist. She inspired me to learn about natural remedies. I became vegan because I read about the positive change people experienced with that diet. Now that I've tried it out myself, I feel more clearheaded, energized and healthier.

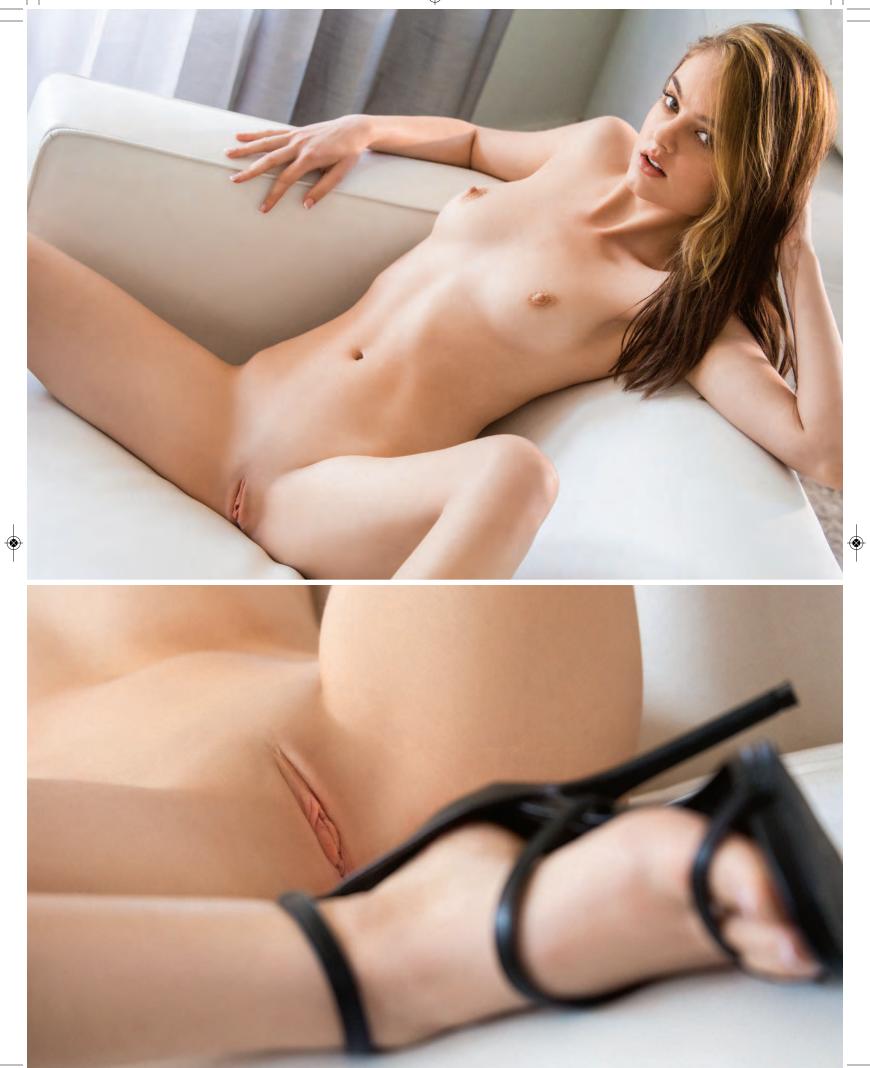
"I have yet to come up with a sexual bucket list, but I haven't fucked a lady yet, and I'd totally love that. My special move when I'm fucking a guy is to play with his nut sac a lot-I mean a lot-while I ride his cock. I've never met a man who didn't love that!"

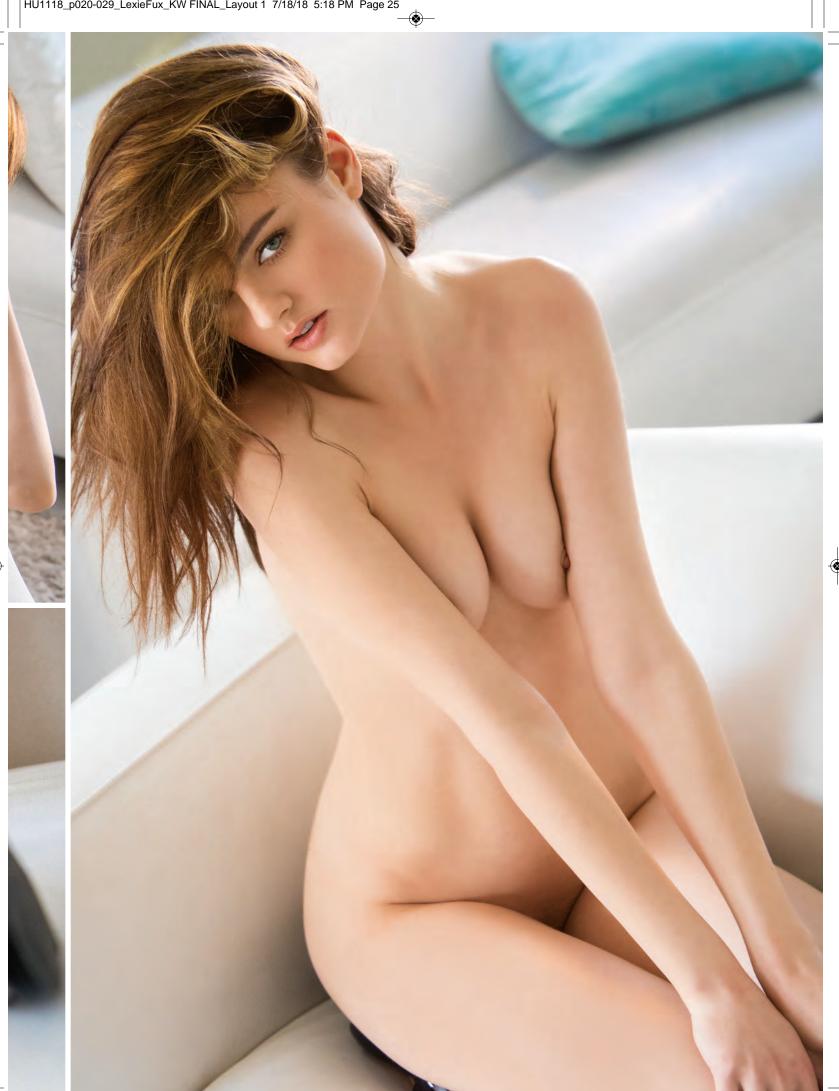




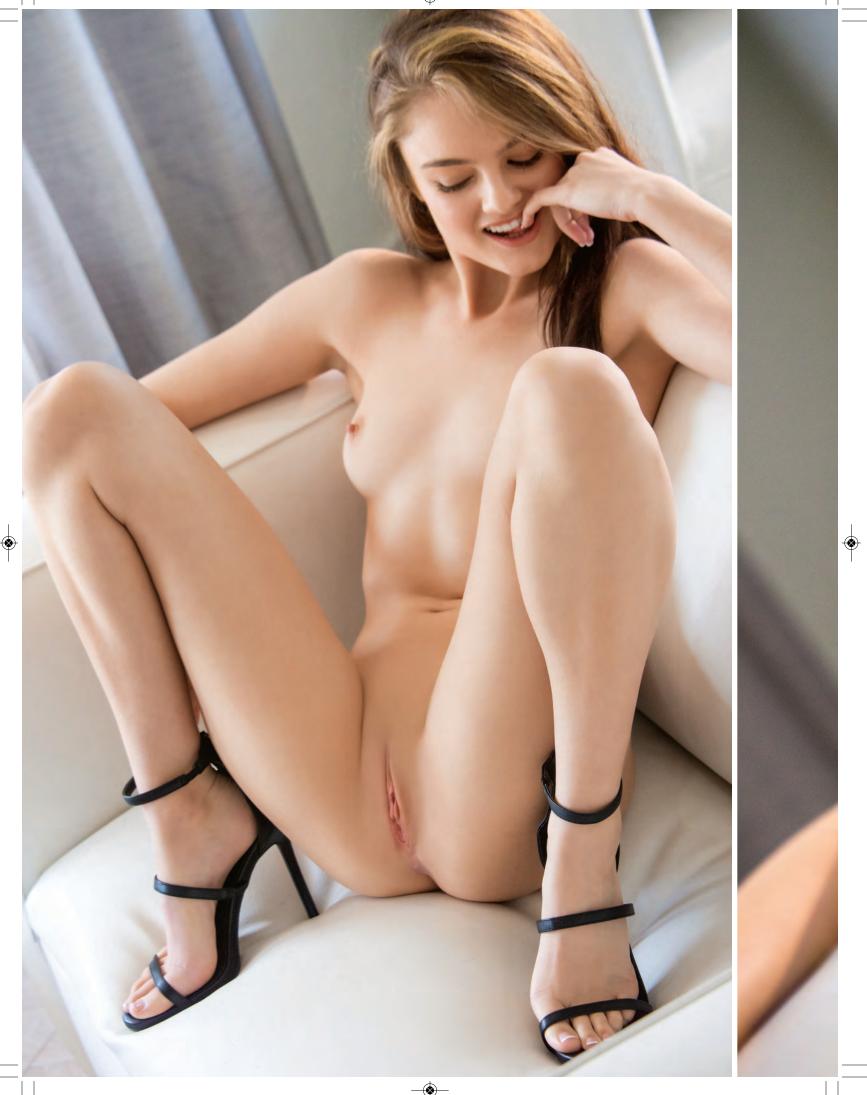




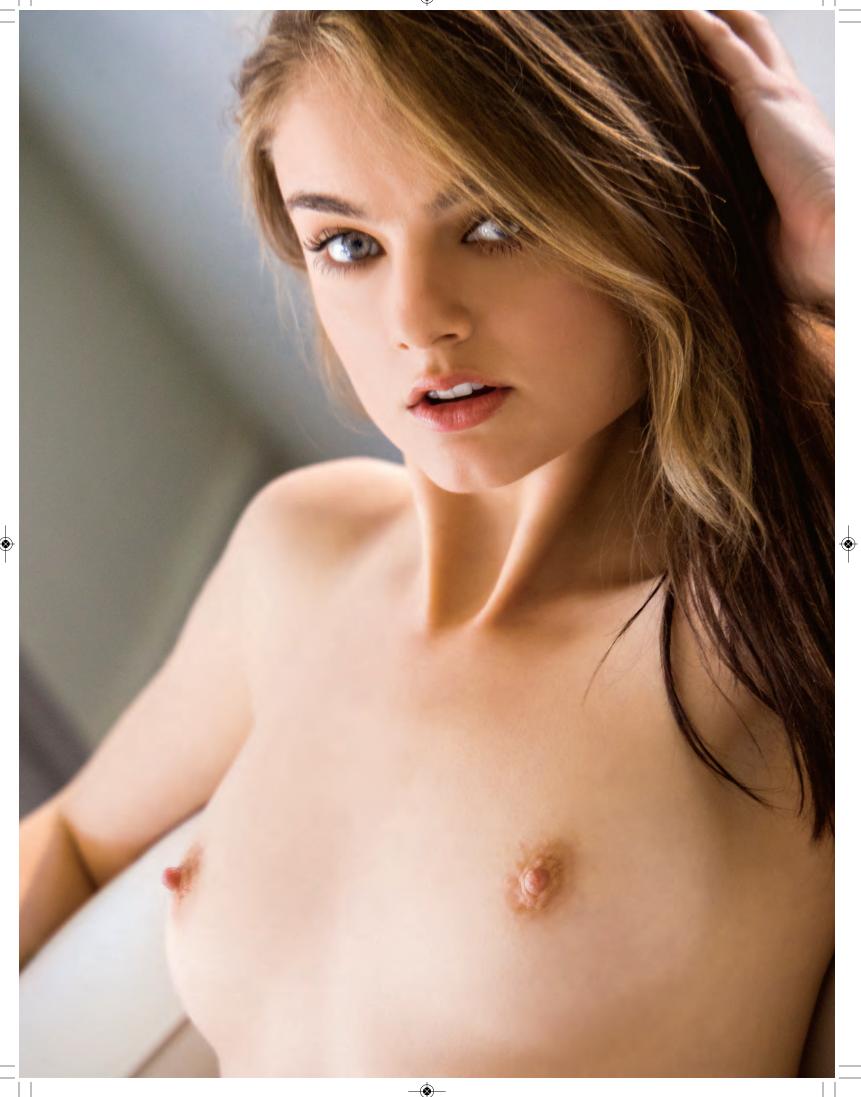


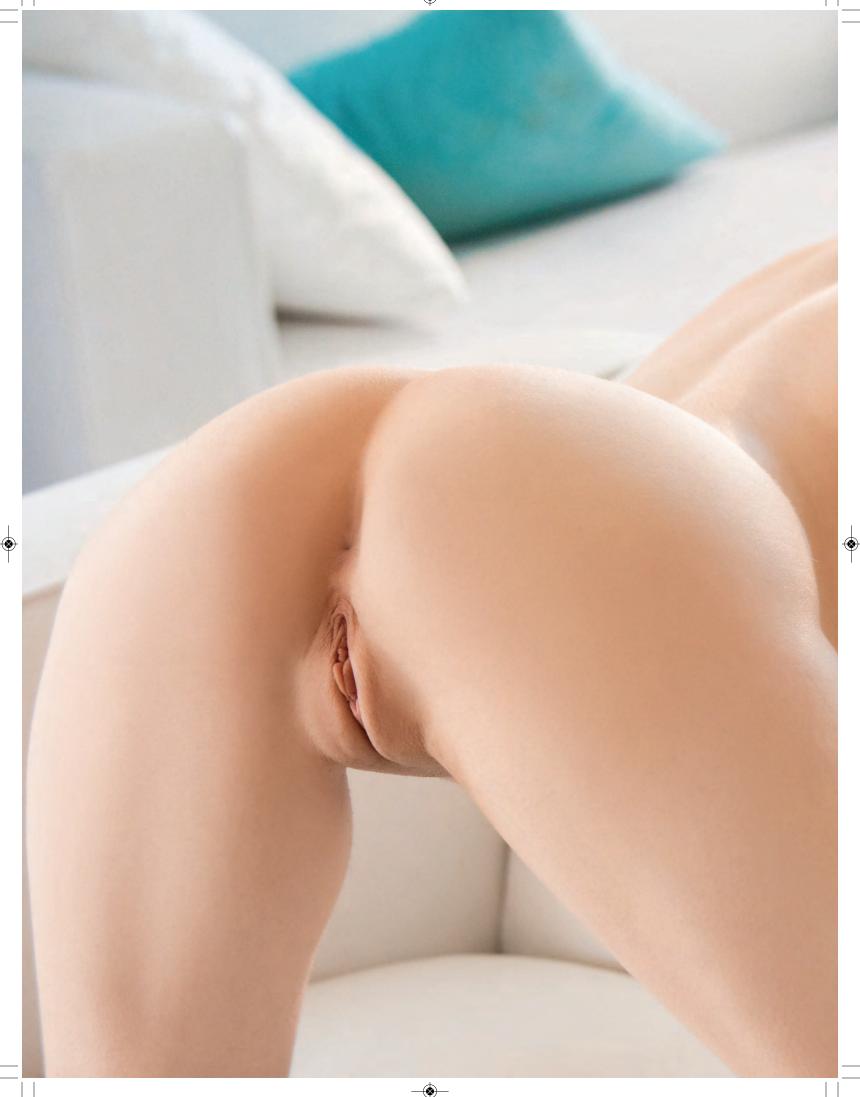




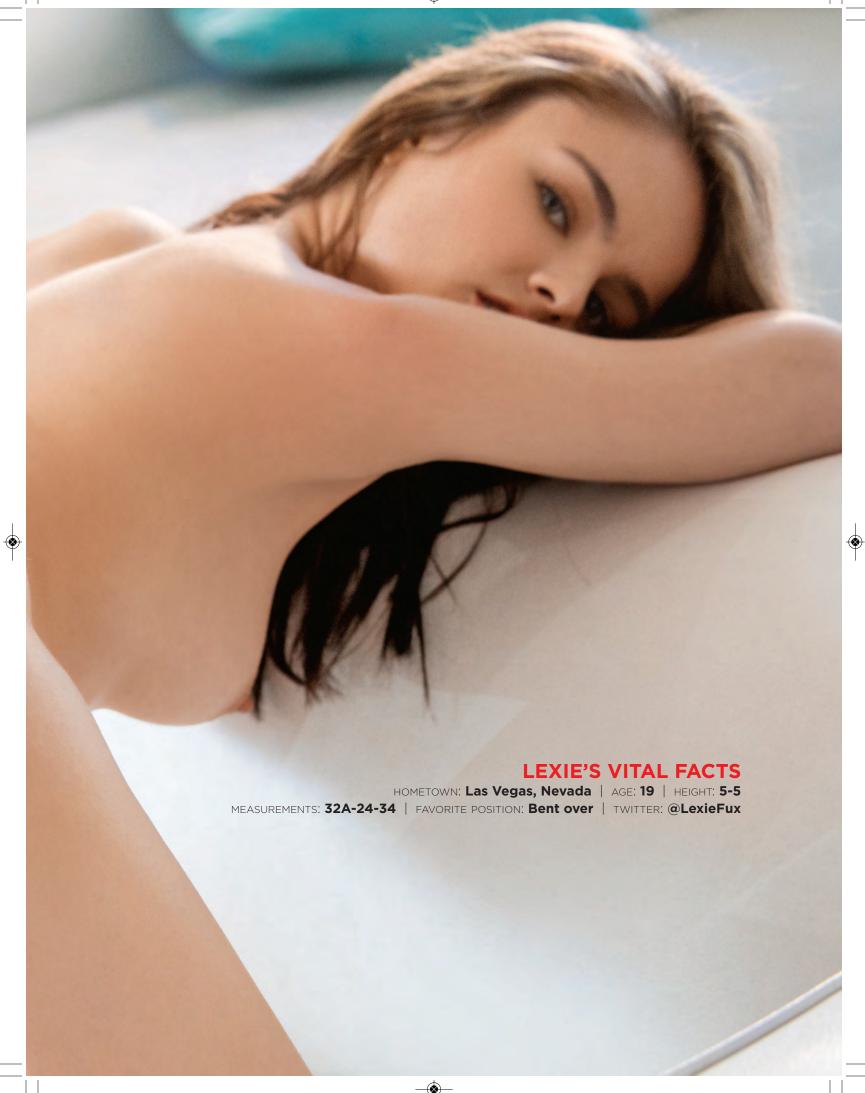




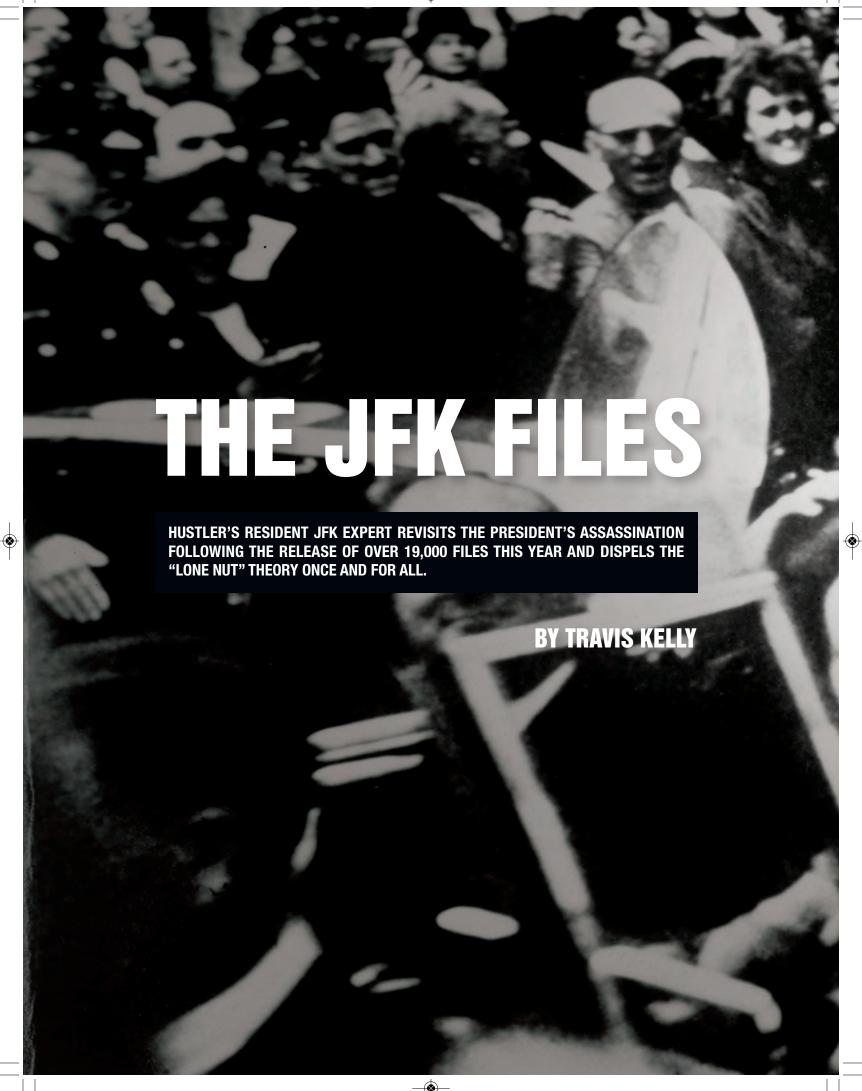


















or almost six decades now, the assassination of President John F.

Kennedy has been a controversial tragedy haunting the American psyche. A majority of Americans remain convinced that our government has never told us the complete truth about what happened on November 22, 1963. Justly so, because relevant government documents have been absurdly classified for decades. Flushing them out has been like wrestling meat from a shark. If there's nothing incriminating to hide, why sequester these files for over half a century?

The whole remaining cache was supposed to have seen sunlight last year, as mandated by the JFK Records Act passed in 1992. That act granted 25 years to slowly trickle them out, until the ultimate deadline, October 2017. But there was one big catch: The President could allow the affected agencies—read CIA and FBI—an additional six months to review them. Although a staggering 19,045 documents were released in April, Trump declared that 520 files would still be kept under

lock and key until at least 2021 "to protect against identifiable harm to national security, law enforcement or foreign affairs that is of such gravity that it outweighs the public interest in immediate disclosure."

If that smells like a pile of evasive bullshit, your nose is well attuned. What "sources and methods" (the usual excuse) from five decades ago could be so endangering to present-day "national security" or "foreign affairs"? And how could they possibly outweigh the "public interest" in laying to rest doubts about the most disputed and obsessively studied event in American history? The rationale is preposterous. But after five decades of relentless research by an army of journalists, scholars and activist citizens, we do have some clues about what those 520 "family jewels" contain. This body of research is a massive opus—hundreds and hundreds of books and documentaries—of varying quality. It's a complex field, but it can be understood by following the trajectories of two essential characters: Lee Harvey Oswald and E. Howard Hunt.





Born in New Orleans in 1939, the alleged assassin of JFK, Lee Harvey Oswald, joined the Marine Corps in 1956 and was subsequently stationed at the top-secret U-2 spy plane base in Atsugi, Japan. There he began spouting Communist jargon, without getting any flack from his hard-core anti-Communist Marine superiors. Some of his fellow Marines suspected it was an act, that maybe he was being "sheep-dipped" for an intelligence mission, similar to other Marines who had been recruited as false defectors to the Soviet Union. In 1959 Oswald took a U.S. Army Russian language exam—peculiar training for a buck private. He soon received the chance to practice his Russian when later that same year he defected to the Soviet Union, telling an officer at the U.S. embassy in Moscow that he would reveal everything he knew from his stint as a radar operator for the U-2 flights. The most closely guarded secret was the exact altitude at which the U-2s flew. For four years the spy planes had penetrated Soviet air space with total im-

punity; Russian antiaircraft missiles and interceptor jets were incapable of attacking them. But that suddenly changed after Oswald's defection. In May 1960 Francis Gary Power's U-2 was shot down over Russian territory, sabotaging an imminent peace summit between President Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Khrushchev.

Two years later Oswald returned to the U.S. with his Russian bride, Marina. He landed in Dallas, where a Russian exile, oil man and alleged CIA informant, George de Mohrenschildt, shepherded him and Marina around town. Despite his defection and threats to divulge topsecret information to the Soviets at the height of the Cold War, Oswald was never investigated or prosecuted for treason. Then, incredibly, he landed a job at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall in Dallas—a firm processing photos from the U-2 flights over Cuba! Incredible because the records prove that Hoover's FBI was keeping firm track of Oswald this whole time.

In April 1963 Oswald abandoned Marina in Dallas and moved back to his hometown, New Orleans, where he started a one-man Fair Play for Cuba operation, distributing pro-Castro flyers with an address—544 Camp Street—that turned out to be identical to that of Guy Bannister, an ex-FBI agent and fanatical leader in the anti-Castro exile movement. This is what New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison later discovered in 1967, among other clues, leading to his independent investigation of the case (depicted in Oliver Stone's film JFK). Oswald then made a mysterious trip to Mexico City, where he visited the Soviet and Cuban embassies, before returning to Dallas and getting a job at the Texas School Book Depository.

Up until the assassination on November 22, an imposter claiming to be Oswald made several incriminating appearances—at a gun range and a car dealership—while the documentary

record clearly establishes that the real Oswald was elsewhere. Some of these impersonations occurred while Oswald was in the Soviet Union. In fact, in 1960 FBI director J. Edgar Hoover wrote a memo stating that there "is a possibility that an imposter is using Oswald's birth certificate."

As the JFK motorcade, stripped of standard security procedures (according to the testimony of L. Fletcher Prouty, a Pentagon-CIA liaison officer), slowly proceeded through Dealey Plaza, shots rang out, wounding Governor John Connally and eventually killing the President. Some of the Dealey Plaza witnesses said the shots came from the school book depository where Oswald worked—but a large number of witnesses said they came from the infamous "grassy knoll" to the right and in front of the President's car. And here lies a damning fact that Warren Commission apologists can never explain: Dallas policemen and citizens who rushed to the grassy knoll allegedly encountered men displaying Secret Service credentials. But all Secret Service agents in Dallas that day were in the motorcade—none were on the streets. These men on the knoll were clearly imposters. They were almost certainly shielding the getaway of a second gunman, who delivered the fatal head shot blatantly depicted in the Zapruder film. (Abraham Zapruder was a clothing manufacturer filming the procession on a home-movie camera.)

Oswald fled the school book depository after the assassination and was arrested in a movie theater in Oak Cliff. While in custody, he was also questioned about the nearby shooting of a Dallas police officer, J.D. Tippit. Two days later Oswald was shot dead in the basement jail building by Jack Ruby, a mob-connected nightclub owner. The Dallas police had interrogated Oswald for two days ("I'm just a patsy!" he had proclaimed), but strangely they had not recorded the sessions, standard operating procedure for far lesser crimes. The "Mannlicher-Carcano" rifle he is alleged to have used had a misaligned scope, and a paraffin test provided proof that Oswald had not fired a rifle that day. Apologists for the Warren Commission gloss over these astounding "anomalies" and "oversights." But to me, the most plausible explanation is that Oswald was working as a deep-cover CIA agent who continued to masquerade as a Communist after his return from the USSR. Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr testified to the Warren Commission that Oswald had also been a paid FBI informant.

Most damning, however, is the admission of Antonio Veciana, a leader of the radical CIA-sponsored Alpha 66 anti-Castro paramilitary group. When the House Select Committee on Assassinations (HSCA) reinvestigated the case in the late '70s (concluding "probable conspiracy"), Veciana testified that in September 1963 he met with his CIA handler, alias Maurice Bishop, in Dallas—and saw Bishop meeting with none other than Lee Harvey Oswald (only because Veciana arrived 15 minutes early). HSCA members speculated that Bishop was really David Atlee Phillips, the CIA's Western hemisphere chief. Veciana refused to publicly identify Phillips as Bishop at the time. He was shot in the head in 1979, but survived, and at a JFK research conference in 2014—as well as in his 2017 book *Trained To Kill*—the aging Veciana came clean: "In reality, what happened that day was a coup d'état. President Kennedy's death was a result of a conspiracy planned by CIA operatives and supported by a handful of high-ranking military officers and members of the Mafia. The conspirators believed that the President was a traitor who had jeopardized national security by establishing a foreign policy of dialogue and conciliation with the traditional enemies of the United States. I want to unequivocally state that Maurice Bishop was David Atlee Phillips." >>







In 1978 former CIA accountant James Wilcott testified under oath to the HSCA that Oswald received "a full-time salary for agent work for doing CIA operational work." This session was classified for

One argument repeated ad nauseam by defenders of the "Oswald as lone nut" theory: If there was a broad-ranging conspiracy, "somebody would have talked by now." This ignores the long list of witnesses and players who conveniently died before they could testify, from national journalist Dorothy Kilgallen (who conducted the only private interview with Jack Ruby in his jail cell before she supposedly died of an alcohol and drug overdose; her interview notes were never found), to David Ferrie (a Civil Air Patrol pilot who had cavorted with Oswald in Louisiana), to the aforementioned George de Mohrenschildt (shotgun blast to the head, ruled a suicide, just before he was to meet

with HSCA investigator Gaeton Fonzi). The dead tell no tales and serve as a warning to others. But in 2006, while he believed he was drying, one CIA agent long suspected as a key player in the assassination, E. Howard Hunt, made a startling confession.

Hunt gained infamy as one of Nixon's "plumbers" in the Watergate scandal. Early researchers had noted his resemblance to one of the three "tramps" arrested in the railroad yards behind Dealey Plaza and released by the Dallas police with no identification or investigation. In 1981 Hunt sued The Spotlight newspaper for an article alleging that he was in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and had participated in the assassination. Former CIA agent Victor Marchetti was the article's author. The defendant publisher, Liberty Lobby, hired Mark Lane, the famed attorney who represented Oswald posthumously and published the first best-selling book critical of the Warren

Commission, Rush to Judgment. Lane turned the courtroom into a de facto trial of the JFK assassination, destroyed Hunt on the witness stand and won the case. The forewoman of the jury made this statement to the Miami news media: "Mr. Lane was asking us to do something very difficult. He was asking us to believe John Kennedy had been killed by our own government. Yet when we examined the evidence closely, we were compelled to conclude that the CIA had indeed killed President Kennedy."

That groundbreaking verdict never made it beyond Miami—our socalled "free press" completely quarantined the news, just as it did in 2003, when Hunt, now dying, made a full confession to his son, Saint John Hunt. His entire statement was published by Rolling Stone magazine in 2007. Hunt painted himself as only a "benchwarmer" in the plot, but outlined the whole hierarchy of the conspiracy, with Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson at the top, followed by several CIA agents: "Cord Meyer discusses a plot with [David Atlee] Phillips who brings in Wm. Harvey and Antonio Veciana. He meets with Oswald in Mexico City.... Then Veciana meets w/ Frank Sturgis in Miami and enlists David Morales in anticipation of killing JFK there. But LBJ changes itinerary to Dallas, citing personal reasons."

Meyer, Harvey, Phillips and Morales were official CIA agents. Frank Sturgis became another of Nixon's Watergate "plumbers." We have already met David Atlee Phillips and Antonio Veciana, who made a similar confession. Die-hard defenders of the Warren Commission say that Saint John Hunt was coaching his father to sell a sensational book. But Saint John told Rolling Stone, "If my dad was going to make anything up, he would have made something up about the Mafia, or Castro, or Khrushchev. He didn't like Johnson. But you don't falsely

implicate your own country, for

As for LBJ, his alleged longtime mistress, Madeleine Brown, unburdened herself in a TV interview on A Current Affair in 1992: On the eve of the assassination, November 21, she claimed that she attended a convocation, at the home of right-wing Dallas oil millionaire Clint Murchison, that included Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, Clyde Tolson and John J. McCloy (a future Warren Commission member). According to Madeleine, after LBJ arrived, "The group immediately went behind closed doors. A short time later Lyndon, anxious and red-faced, reappeared.... Squeezing my hand so hard, it felt crushed from the pressure, he spoke with a grating whisper, a quiet growl into my ear, not a love message but one I'll always remember: 'After tomorrow those goddamn

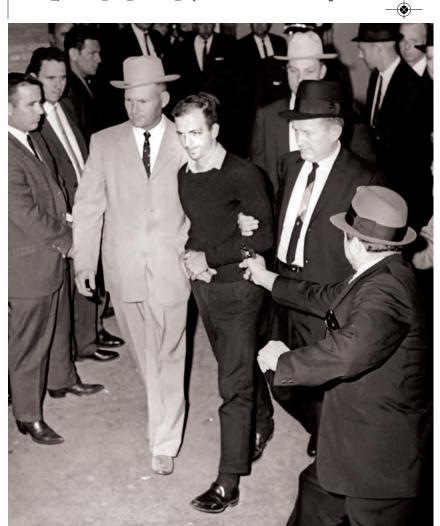
Christ's sake. My father is oldschool, a dyed-in-the-wool patriot, and that's the last thing he would do."

Kennedys will never embarrass me again. That's no threat—that's a promise."

Nixon later admitted that he flew out of Dallas on the morning of November 22, two hours before the assassination. Family of Secrets, the book by award-winning journalist Russ Baker, makes a strong case that George H.W. Bush, allegedly an intelligence agent since his teenage years, was in Dallas that day too and lied about it. Hoover hated the Kennedys and was facing mandatory retirement in a second JFK term. The oilmen hated Kennedy because he had repealed their depletion allowance, raising their taxes. Mafia bosses hated him because not only had they lost all of their Cuban casinos in Castro's revolution, but Attorney General Robert Kennedy was vigorously prosecuting them for the first time in decades. The anti-Castro Cuban exiles hated JFK too, for refusing to call in air strikes to salvage the Bay of Pigs fiasco. JFK

**ALTHOUGH WE CAN NEVER KNOW FOR CERTAIN, IT IS HIGHLY** PROBABLE THAT THE LIVES OF 58,000 AMERICAN **SOLDIERS AND MILLIONS** OF VIETNAMESE **WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN** WASTED HAD JFK LED A SECOND TERM.





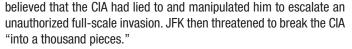


PHOTO BY SHAWSHOTS/ALAMY

These were subsidiary motives for the assassination and individually would probably never have amounted to a murder plot. But combined with the super-hawks' view that JFK was a "national security" threat for initiating a wind-down to the Cold War, as Antonio Veciana asserts, all of these interests coalesced. With JFK out of the way, and the patsy's trail leading to the Cuban and Russian embassies in Mexico City, two birds were felled with a single stone—a casus belli for another invasion of Cuba with LBJ at the helm.

It's hard for people today to imagine the panic that the Bay of Pigs fiasco and the Cuban missile crisis caused. In his autobiography, E. Howard Hunt admits that he and his fellow CIA fanatics never believed that Castro actually withdrew the nuke missiles after JFK successfully resolved the crisis. There was still a dagger pointed at America's heart, communism was seemingly gaining ground everywhere, and JFK was backpedaling. Another invasion of Cuba could have brought the world to the brink of nuclear holocaust all over again, and saner heads in Washington didn't want to go there. They refused to follow the CIA's script, opting for the politically correct compromise of the Warren Commission: a lone nut did it—a simple lie far easier to digest than the very complex truth. The U.S. could continue to quarantine Cuba and try to assassinate Castro while the anti-Communist crusade focused on Vietnam instead, which unquestionably harbored no nukes.

From former Army intelligence officer and history professor John Newman's rigorous study, JFK and Vietnam, we know that Kennedy had already paved the way for withdrawal from Vietnam with National Security Action Memorandum 263 in October 1963, but he told aides that he could only complete it after reelection so as not to cause another McCarthyite hysteria. The scheduled withdrawal of the first 1,000 troops was supposed to happen by the end of '63—before LBJ reversed course and turned on the jets of escalation in '64. Newman's book makes it clear that JFK was determined to fight communism, but after consulting with retired General Douglas MacArthur (who told him, "Anyone wanting to commit American ground forces to the mainland of Asia should have his head examined"), he balked at sending regular combat troops and draftees beyond the 16,000 "advisers" he had already deployed. He confided this plan to Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric and others.

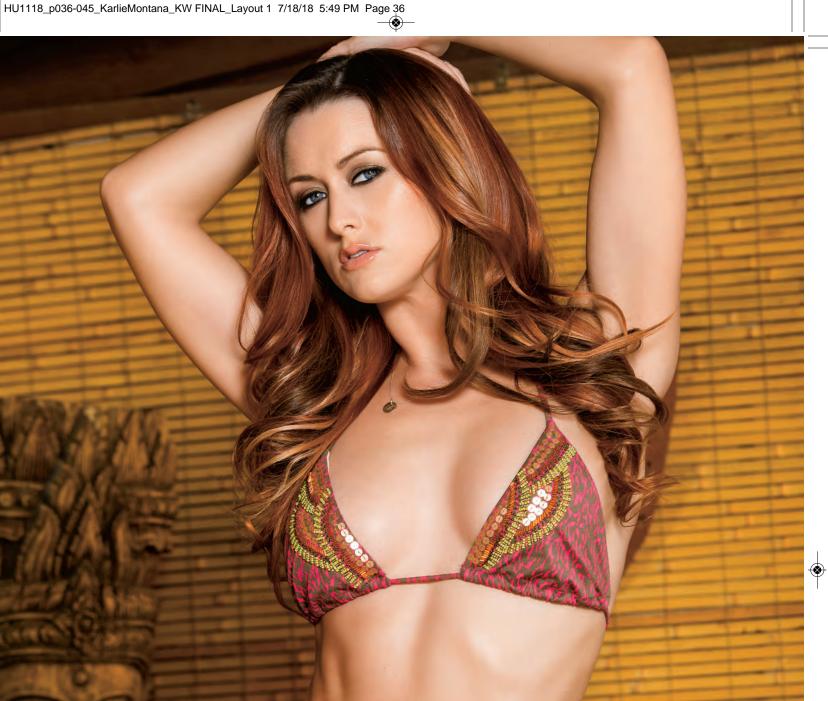
This is the dark truth that the greater American public must never be allowed to know. The myth of America as the "shining city upon a hill," the godfather of modern democracy and the most virtuous nation in history, immune to the conspiracies that infect lesser third-world countries, cannot be besmirched, even if we have to choke on absurdities like the magic-bullet theory. The CIA has obstructed this truth ever since, actively sabotaging the Garrison and HSCA investigations, while its disinformation agents have corrupted our media through Operation Mockingbird, brainwashing the public to solely trust the findings of the intelligence community and to believe that all "conspiracy theory" is whacko delusion.

Ultimately, history must judge the rogue fanatics of 1963 harshly: Vietnam fell and the Southeast Asian dominoes didn't. Vietnam and Cuba are still Communist today. Although we can never know for certain, it is highly probable that the lives of 58,000 American soldiers and millions of Vietnamese would not have been wasted had JFK led a second term.

Even though the HSCA disagreed with the Warren Commission's finding that Oswald acted alone, and the mountain of evidence accrued since points to a CIA conspiracy, disinformation agents and the blissfully ignorant still ludicrously strive to validate the commission's lone-nut findings. Buried in those still hidden 520 files may be the evidence that would finally wring a confession out of the CIA. But that could constitute "identifiable harm to national security" or "foreign affairs," because the American people, fed up with our nation's long hijacking by the military-industrial complex, might finally be emboldened to take our democracy back. They might storm Langley, Virginia, and do what JFK promised to do before he was cut down: tear our torture-loving, drug-running, warmongering, assassinating CIA into a thousand pieces.

For those wanting to learn more about the JFK assassination, Jim Garrison's account of his sabotaged investigation in the late '60s, On the Trail of the Assassins, is a great start. And James Douglass's recent book, JFK and the Unspeakable, is highly regarded as the best summation of the conspiracy case to date.









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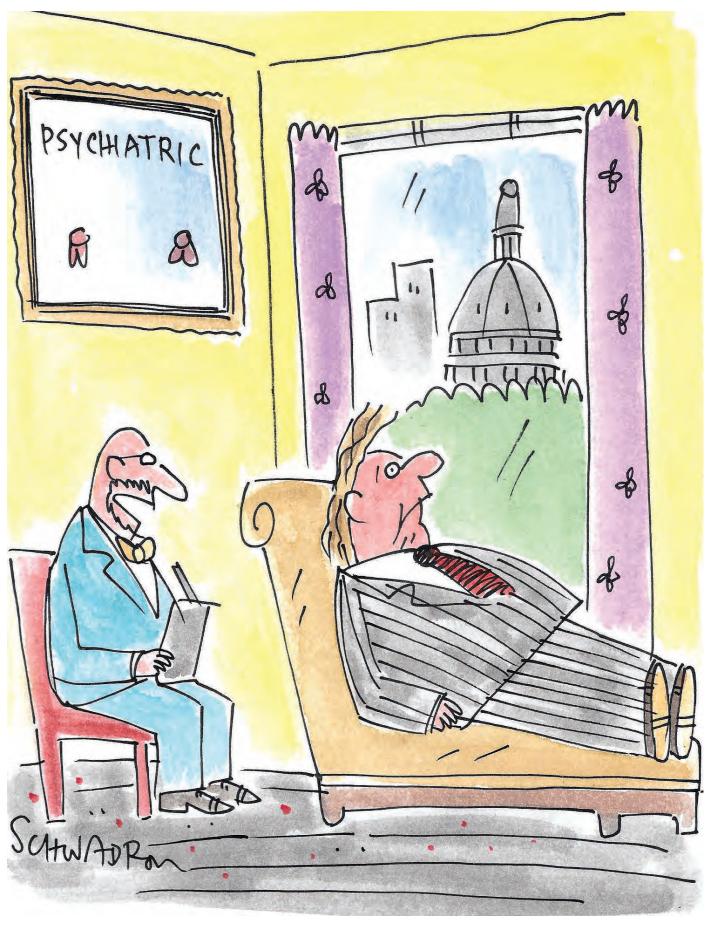












"Which threatens you the most? Muslims, immigrants, nuclear threats or Elizabeth Warren?"



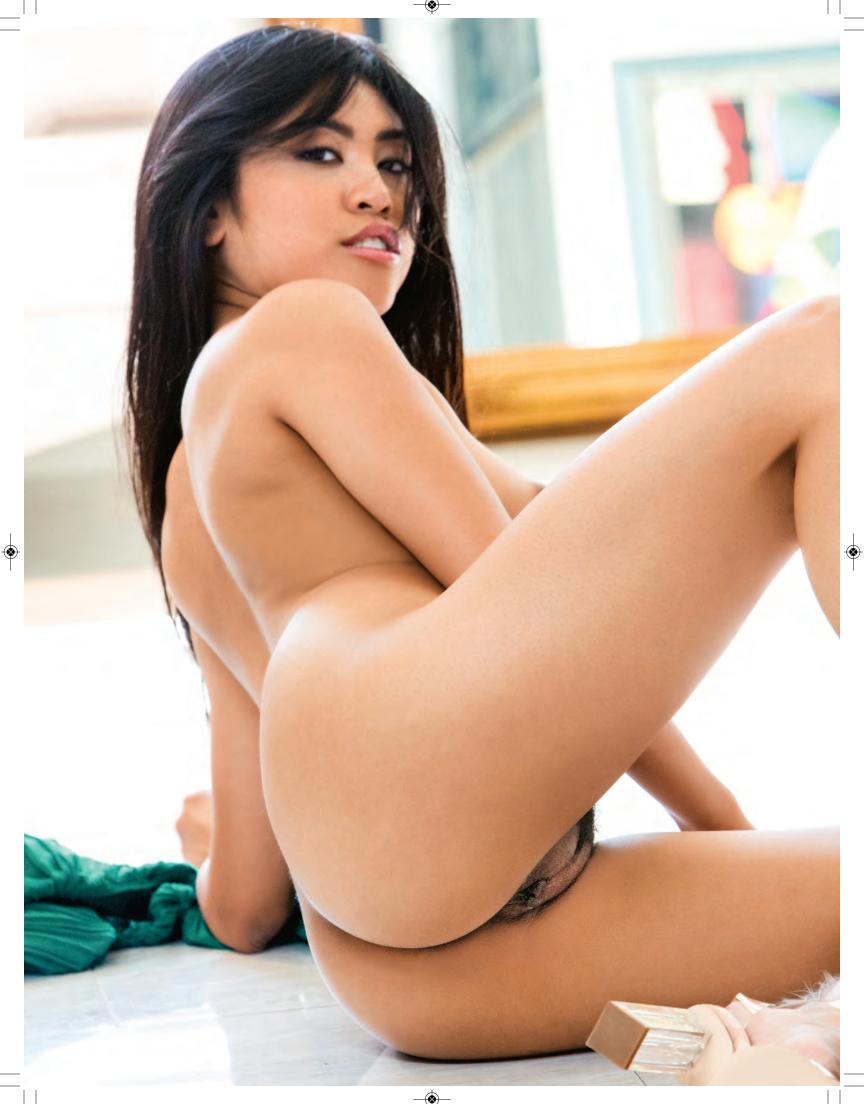


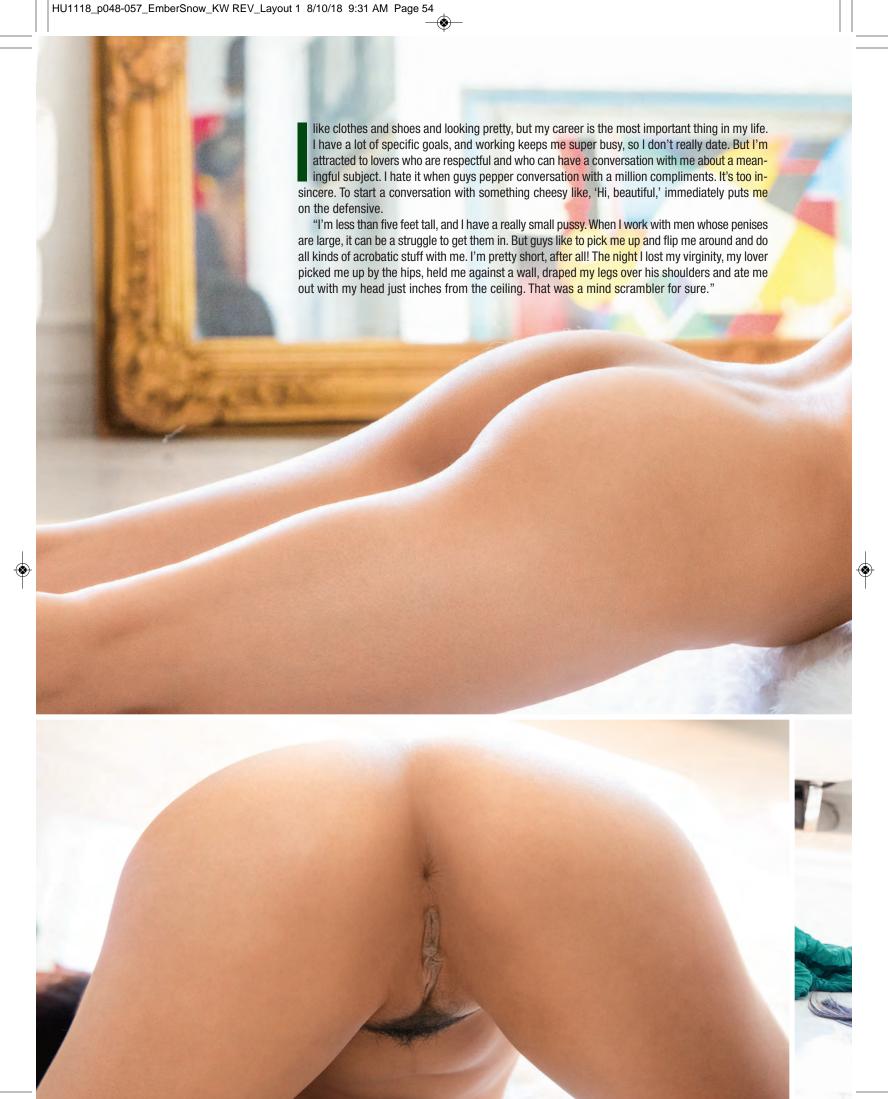






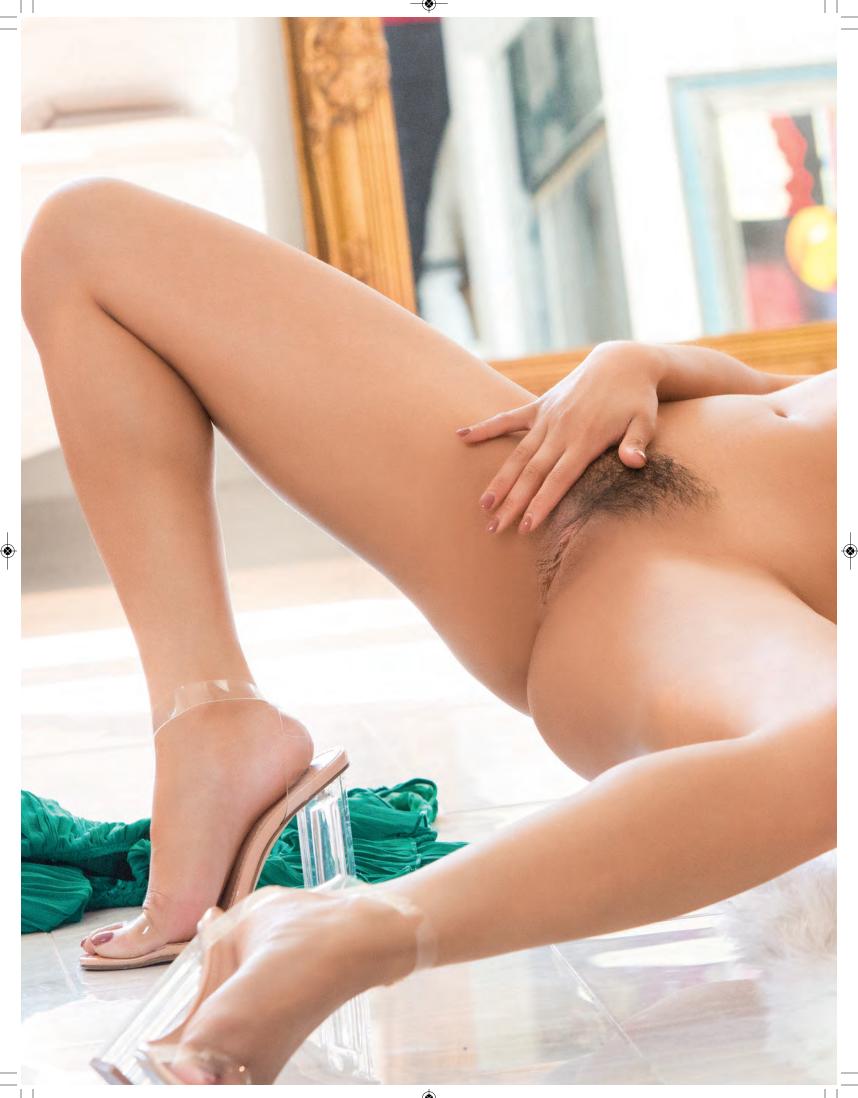






















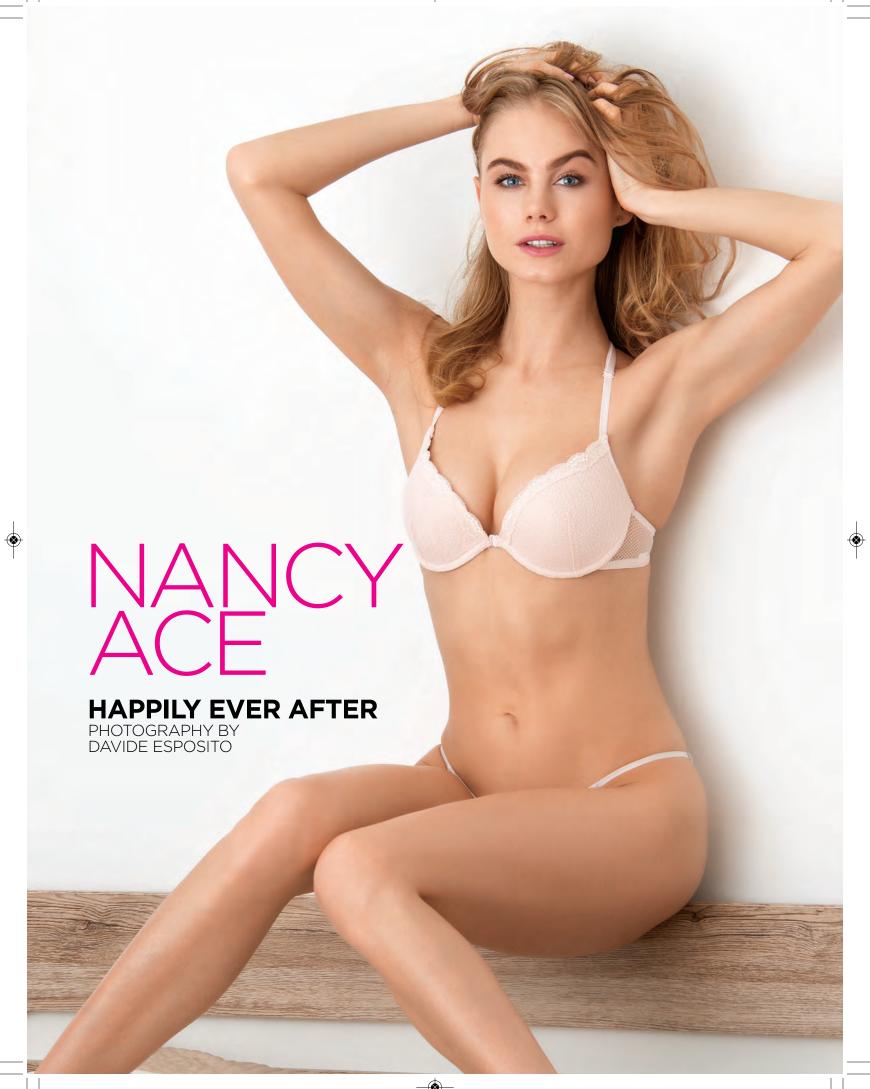




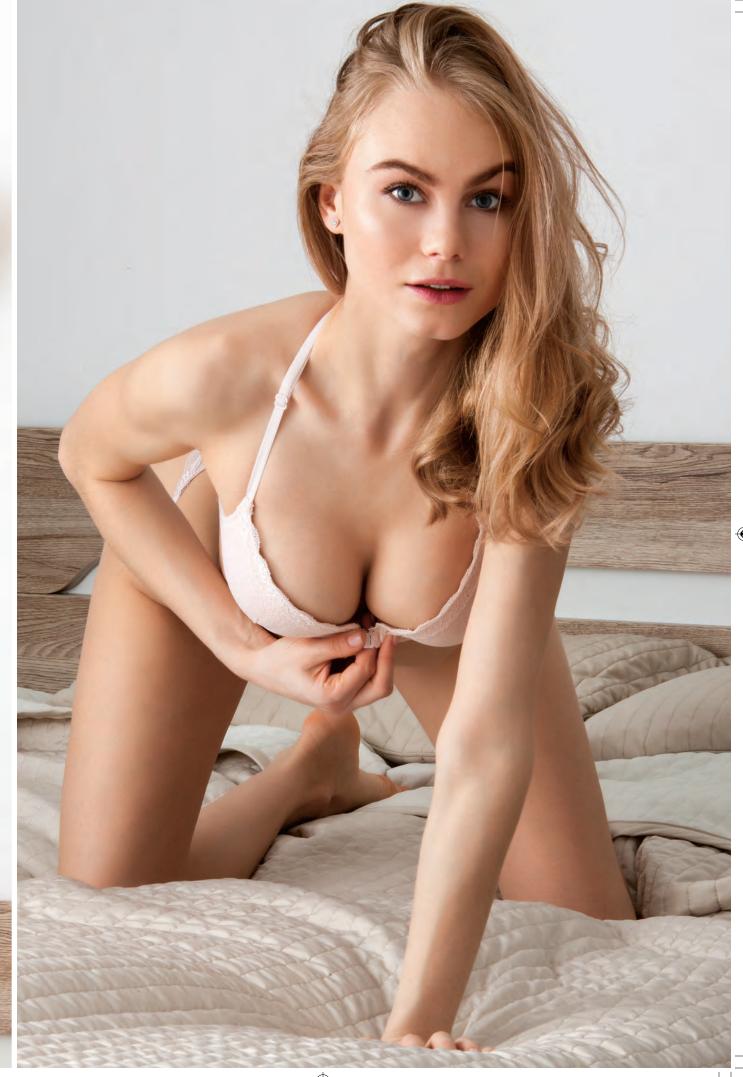


























cook my husband breakfast every morning...naked. He tells me I'm the perfect wife and a good friend. I am a naughty and sensual girl, and people are so surprised that I've been happily married for years. Everybody thinks girls like me spend their time partying or shopping; in fact I spend most of my free time with my family. I generally like quiet activities too, like reading history books or classical literature. My favorites are *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*. I can read them over and over again. Adventure stories, like Alexandre Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, are wonderful too.

"When I was younger, I was very obedient and polite, and I loved to study. Oh, if my teachers only knew what was going on inside my head! Like how I constantly fantasized about having a threesome with a man and another woman. I haven't tried it yet, and I'm not sure how it's gonna feel sharing my husband, watching him kiss and caress another person right in front of me. That might make me jealous or turn me on. I'm not sure, but I find myself dreaming about it more and more..."













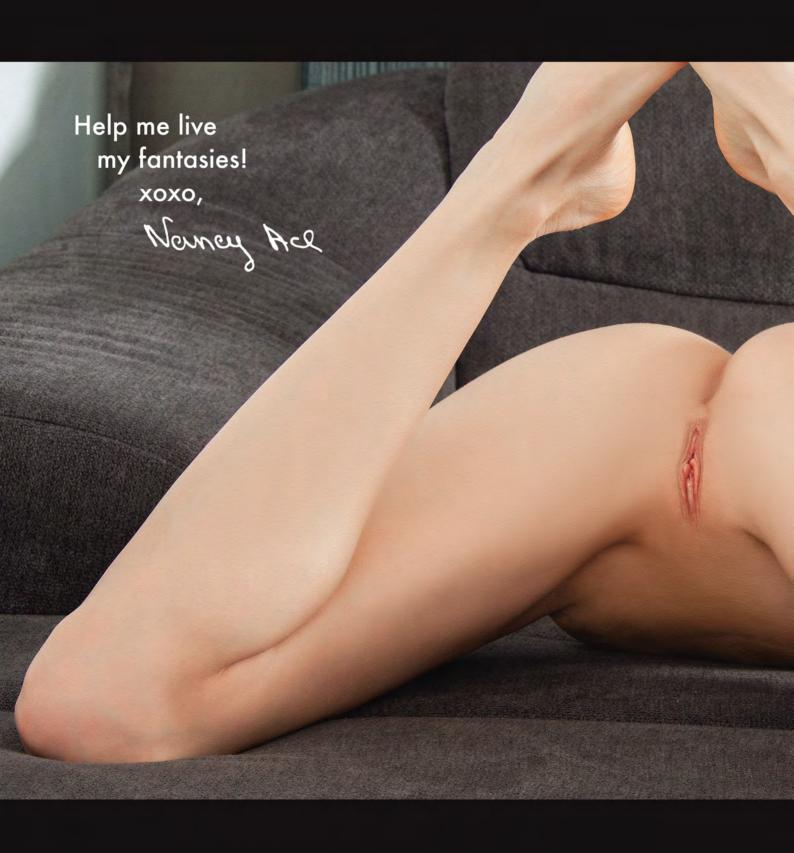




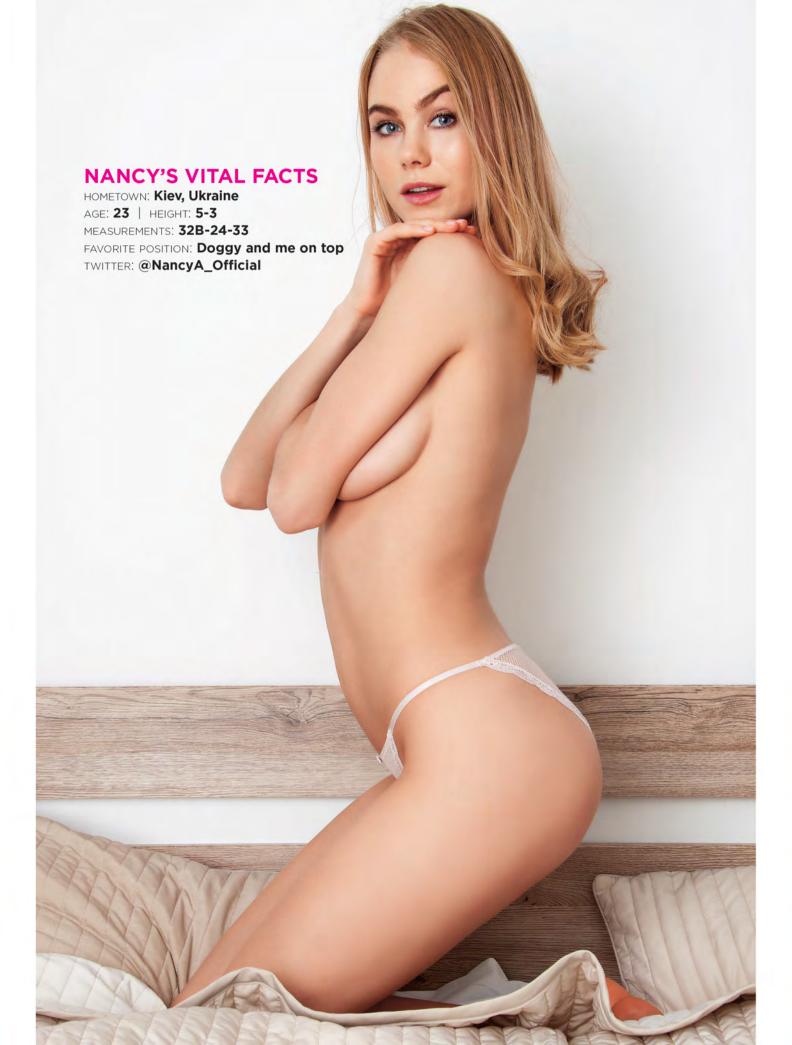


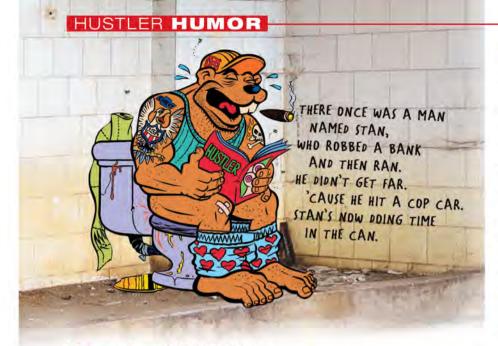






## HUSTLER & HONEY NOVEMBER 2018 CALL ME AT 1-800-HUSTLER (1-800-487-8537)





Wearing only the T-shirt she had slept in, Ken's girl-friend Darla was in the kitchen preparing the couple's usual breakfast: three-minute soft-boiled eggs and toast. As Ken walked in, almost awake, Darla cooed, "You've got to make love to me right now!"

Ken's eyes lit up. *This must be my lucky day!* he thought. Not wanting to lose the moment, he embraced Darla and gave her his all right there on the kitchen table. Afterward Darla said, "Thanks," and quickly removed the eggs from the boiling water.

Happy, but a little puzzled, Ken asked, "What was that all about?"

"The egg timer's broken."

Question: What's the worst thing about marrying a nymphomaniac?

Answer: In a few years the nympho leaves, but the maniac doesn't.

The husband was a bit embarrassed as he told the young doctor that he had trouble getting an erection with his wife and explained that she was getting frustrated. The doctor checked the man's blood pressure and other vitals, then said he wanted to consult with the wife.

The doctor led the woman to another cubicle and asked her to disrobe. "Please slowly turn around," he said. She did as instructed.

"Now raise your arms above your head," the doc requested, "and bend over, touch your toes and cough." Once the woman did all that, the doctor remarked, "Very good. You can get dressed now, and I'll talk to your husband."

The doctor went back to the man. "You can relax," he told him. "There's nothing wrong with you. I couldn't get an erection either."

**HUSTLER Wisdom:** Why is it called "coming" when you're already there?

A husband walked into the bedroom and found his wife packing a suitcase. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm moving to Nevada," his wife told him. "I heard that prostitutes there get paid \$400 for what I'm doing for you for *free!*"

Later that night, before making her getaway, the wife walked back into the bedroom and saw her husband packing a suitcase. When she asked him where he was going, he snarled, "I'm coming too. I wanna see how you'll live on \$800 a year."

The nurse assured Tony, "Of course I won't laugh. I'm a professional. In my 20 years I've never laughed at a patient."

"Okay, then," Tony said as he proceeded to drop his pants and shorts, revealing the tiniest penis the nurse had ever seen. It was the size of a AAA battery.

Unable to control herself, the nurse tried to stifle a giggle, but it came out anyway. "I'm sorry," she said, regaining her composure. "I don't know what came over me. I promise that won't happen again. Now tell me, what seems to be the problem?"

"It's swollen," Tony replied. The nurse ran out of the room.

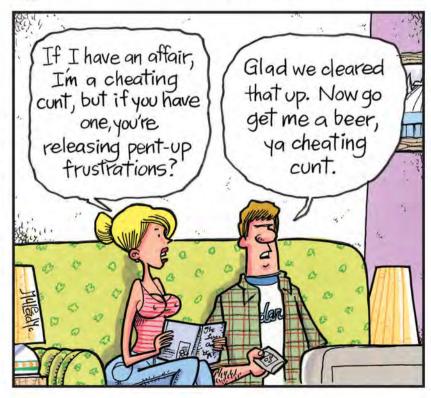
Doris was riding in an elevator in a lavish New York City apartment building. When the elevator stopped, a much younger, beautiful woman stepped in, and Doris could smell her perfume. "What is that fragrance?" she asked.

The beauty arrogantly replied, "Romance by Ralph Lauren...\$150 an ounce."

Later another hottie boarded, and Doris inquired about her perfume. "Chanel No. 5... \$200 an ounce," she was told smugly.

Finally the elevator reached Doris's floor. As the biddy was about to step out, she looked the other women in the eye, then bent over and farted. "Broccoli...49 cents a pound."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

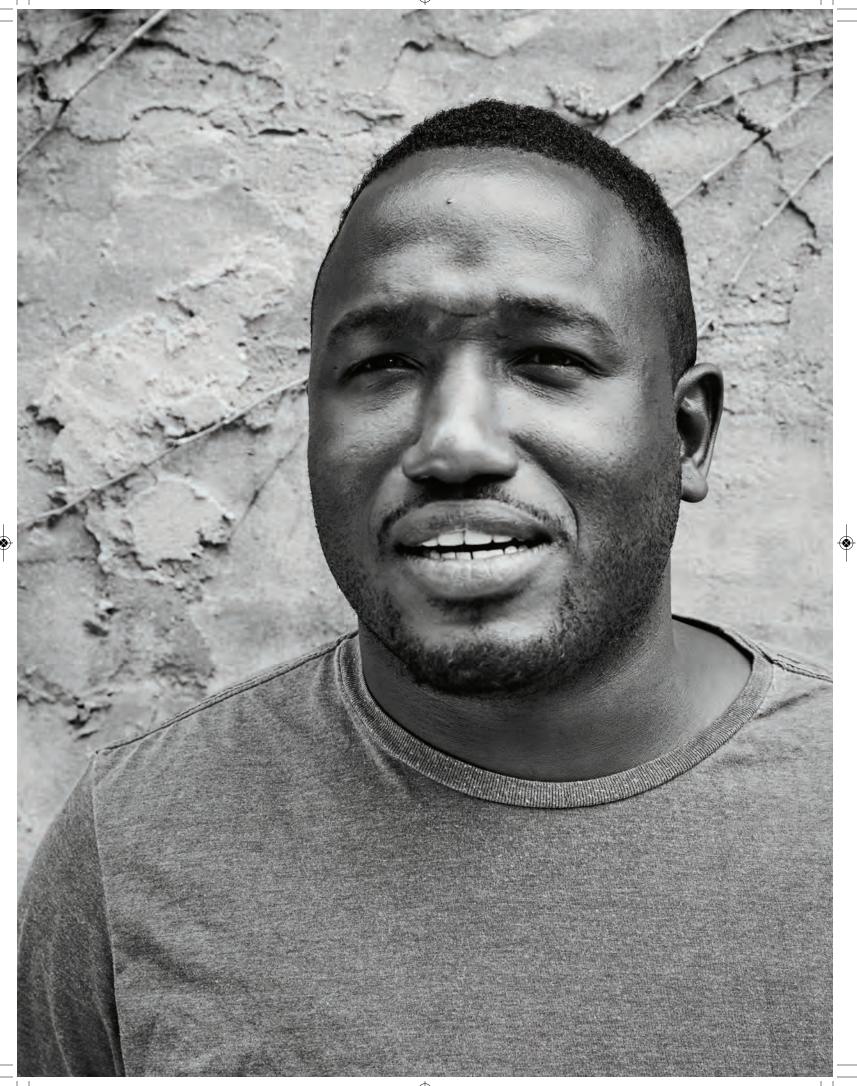
















# HANNIBAL BURES: NO MORE HANGOVERS

FIRST AND FOREMOST HANNIBAL BURESS IS A STAND-UP COMIC, BUT IN RECENT YEARS HE'S ALSO BEEN RACKING UP THE ACTING GIGS. HE WAS THE SIDEKICK ON THE ERIC ANDRE SHOW, IS THE LOVE INTEREST ON BROAD CITY AND HAS LANDED PARTS IN HOLLYWOOD COMEDIES FROM NEIGHBORS TO BAYWATCH, DADDY'S HOME TO BLOCKERS. AND WHILE BURESS SEEMS CHILL BOTH ONSCREEN AND OFF, THE FUNNYMAN IS A BIT OF A TROUBLEMAKER TOO. HE'S BEEN IN THE NEWS OF LATE FOR—AMONG OTHER THINGS—A RED CARPET PRANK, AN ABORTED STAND-UP SHOW AND A YOUTUBE VIDEO OF HIS MIAMI ARREST. OVER A BROOKLYN BREAKFAST, BURESS SAT DOWN WITH HUSTLER TO TALK ABOUT HIS FIRST MAJOR ROLE IN THE BLOCKBUSTER TAG, HIS THOUGHTS ON AMATEUR PORN AND JUST HOW HE DIFFERS FROM KANYE.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

# HUSTLER: From your stand-up shows I imagined you as a drinker and carouser, so what are we doing here at 7 a.m.?

HANNIBAL BURESS: Well, for one, I stopped drinking.

#### Et tu, Buress?!

Yeah, I stopped drinking, and I'm working out—probably the most I've worked out since I played high school football. The time, the energy doesn't go anywhere, so you gotta figure out what to do with your time. I do get up earlier, no hangovers. I understand morning people now, where it used to be I'd be coming from a late-night bar and thinking, Who the fuck are these people out here jogging? This person is crazy! Not that I'm crazy to be out till 5 a.m. drinking. They're crazy!

# I discovered you on *Broad City*, where you play boyfriend to that minx Ilana Glazer. Is it true your sex scenes with her are real?

Are my love scenes with her real? [Laughs.] Yeah, that's in my contract. I had that written into my contract: It has to be legit, no pasties, nothing.

### I knew it! So how's the show treating you?

Broad City is good. It's different, because it's the first thing I was in with a narrative. You see how people connect to characters differently than they connect to stand-up or comedians, as far as being out and about in the street at night—the way women started acting because I'm onscreen dating a woman and, you know, faking like I'm having sex with her.

# Speaking of women, no one ever answers this question, but tell me about the groupies.

You said no one ever answers this? Everyone blows the question off?

# Yeah, everyone always scoffs, like "I didn't get into this business for women."

I've met some wonderful people and

some terrible people because someone recognized me. I'll tell you though, it was more exciting when I was on the road doing clubs, when I didn't really have a fan base. It was just people who patronized that particular comedy club, and when you would get a girl after one of those shows, that would be exciting. That felt like something.

#### Tell me, why is your name so hard to spell?

People struggle with *Buress*. I'll see articles where it's back-to-back spelled differently. I'll see it spelled with two r's and then spelled with one r in the next sentence, like how'd you do that? Like, what, you're hedging your bets or some shit? You didn't want to take a stand with just one? I've seen that multiple times, and I'm just like pick one! No, pick the *right* one!

#### **And Hannibal?**

That came from the Carthaginian general. My dad was really into history back then, and he wanted great things for me.

#### So how did you become a comedian?

My dad was a funny guy, super dry and sarcastic, but I didn't really consider comedy until college. It wasn't as accessible back then. In the '90s, even in the early 2000s, to watch stand-up you had to go buy DVDs and shit. I had everyone's specials on DVD. Then I went to an open-mic in college, and that's how I found out about it.

#### Did you go up that night?

I went up the next time. I wrote some jokes, had some stuff that was really bothering me. I think one of my first ones was that I was really upset that the National Spelling Bee was on ESPN, like, hey, this isn't a sport! That was my position.

#### Do you still use that one?

Uh, no, I don't.

#### Tell us about your podcast, Handsome Rambler.

I came up with that kinda high, just trying to come up with a name that sounded goofy and obnoxious.

# So what are the advantages to a podcast? Why did you take that up?

It's a lot of things. It's a way to connect and put stuff out for people around the world. It's unfiltered. I don't have restrictions standing in the way—no time limit; no subjects are taboo; it doesn't have to be funny. You play a big venue, you gotta make them laugh—that's what people pay for—but in a podcast you can keep it looser and turn stuff into a conversation, just talk about anything.

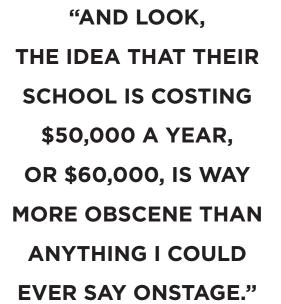
# You've been doing quite a bit of acting this past decade, but before that you were writing for *Saturday Night Live*. How was that experience?

I enjoyed it, but I didn't get stuff on. It's just that creatively I think I was

better suited to be on camera. I'm not writing for a living now. I'm acting and doing stand-up. But that was my first regular paycheck, so that was a good boost, and yeah, I wanted that gig. I wanted to work toward being on "Weekend Update" or something. I had one sketch that we tried, but it got cut in dress rehearsal. And I got the feeling of doing it live with the crowd, and I was like, yeah, I could do this shit. This shit feels good.

#### And now you're picking up roles in movies.

It's cool, man. I don't really pursue much. It just comes in. I could probably do a lot more, but I like to drop in and do my shit for a little bit and then get out of there. A lot of times I'm not sure if it's working, like in *Blockers* I filmed a scene, and it's tough to know if you're killing or not. I was thinking, *Am I believable as the stepdad of a teenager?* I'm 34, the stepdad of a teenager? These jokes, this shirt, is this shit gonna work? When you're doing two scenes, you can't really see how it fits







in the context of the whole movie. You're not in the scene before; you're not in the scene after; it's a tough thing to feel out. It was easier during *Tag* because I was in that a lot.

#### In Tag you're a big character.

Yeah, I'm in the promo, on the poster, all that shit.

# My research indicates that you are a comedian, writer, actor and also an activist. Any truth to that?

Who called me an activist?

#### Wikipedia.

You know anybody can edit Wikipedia, right?

#### That's why I'm going to the source!

I don't have anything to do with my Wikipedia. Maybe I should get on that, take ownership of my own Wikipedia, like it says I started my comedy career in 2009, but really I started in 2002. That's an easy fix, but what's the big deal. I haven't got around to it yet. I remember somewhere I put down that I was also a "poker player and a magician," and years later some journalist said, "So you're a magician too?" I was like, "I am?"

# It seems like sometimes you do things just to make yourself laugh.

That seems right.

#### Like you recently sent a red carpet standin for yourself to the *Spider-Man: Homecoming* premiere?

I couldn't go! I was filming *Tag* in Atlanta. I thought, *How do I become part of it without being there?* It wasn't in a malicious spirit, just a goofy spirit, a fun one. So I hired someone else to go.

#### Did the guy even look like you?

Not really. He was like 6-1, 6-2, in much better shape. He was a stand-in when I shot something for the MTV Movie Awards, so I knew he was a pro—I didn't want some super rando to get on the red carpet and start freaking out. There were no passes, but he knew which name to drop, and I mean, the shit was fun. On the carpet: What does this movie mean to you? Do you have any stories from the past? Who's your favorite superhero? If you could have any superpower, what would it be?

It was all over the news. Speaking of which, I read that Loyola University in Chicago cut off your mic in the middle of a recent show? >>

# What happened? They told you not to say something and you immediately said it?

The Loyola thing was funny because they had restrictions in the initial contract, and I said yeah, sure. But then the week leading up to it, they kept following up, and it just got me annoyed. If they had just let it go and went with what we said initially, then I was gonna do a clean show. But they followed up two or three times in the week leading up to it, and they started telling my DJ he had to play the radio version of songs, so that's kinda what annoyed me enough to fuck with them. This is in Chicago. I live in Chicago. So I'm driving from my place, and Tony, my DJ, is already there to do the sound check. I don't have the radio version of these songs, so I said, "Just play it, man, just play it." In my mind they're not gonna cut off the show, because this is their big headlining performance. I mean, why would they fuck it up for these kids? So I'm driving out, and Tony's like, "Yo, they cut me off after two songs." So I get to the gig, and he's in the green room. So now it's gonna get awkward because he DJ's onstage during my set, so he has to go back up. So I'm thinking, This is about to get weird.

We had the email [with the restrictions] prepared to put up. We put that up onscreen, and I talked about it and, you know, did the joke. You have these jokes where you do the local material, like, "Atlanta, all your streets are named Peachtree." "Miami, South Beach, cocaine." And so, you know, "Catholic school, priest rape." And then the mic cuts out. But I already said that shit. It's done. It's done.

#### Did you have a showdown with them?

No, no. I tell you, it was perfect because the walk from the stage to my car was probably 30 seconds. I walked straight to my car and drove away. I'm home in Chicago; they've already paid the gig in full. I only worked five minutes; I was supposed to do an hour. Full pay for one-twelfth of the work! But I get a couple blocks away, and my agent calls, says that none of the kids left the venue and they're chanting. "Loyola wants you back to perform, and they're saying they won't cut you off." I didn't expect that, that the kids would stay, so I double back, get to the venue, and they're still chanting and shit. I do the gig. No interruptions.

I mean, obviously some feathers were ruffled because of my joke, but I don't think the student population was involved in coming up with those restrictions, and they're the ones whose tuition money is paying for me, and the students were paying for the tickets too. So they're paying double, to go to the school and then to the show. And look, the idea that their school is costing \$50,000 a year, or \$60,000, is way more obscene than anything I could ever say onstage.

Me, I'm sending my kid to YouTube college, watch these TED Talks. Get my kid a podcast curriculum, some ebooks, lock them in the library. Not paying for no goddamn college.

# Also in the news, I was just enjoying a YouTube video of you getting arrested in Miami—

The case was dismissed!

#### Basically you were wasted in public?

But you saw the charges were dismissed, right?

#### I didn't see that.

Nobody ever sees that the charges were dismissed. You always see the arrest, but you don't see when the shit is thrown out!



#### It was funny as fuck.

Originally I asked a cop to call me an Uber.

#### Were you being serious?

At first? Absolutely! Dude, my phone was dead. It's a festival. I'm performing. It's like 6 or 7 p.m., but I'd been out since early in the day. I've been drinking; it's a crowded street; and I'm like, I don't want to be out here fucked up like this. I need to get home. So I'm trying to expedite my escape.

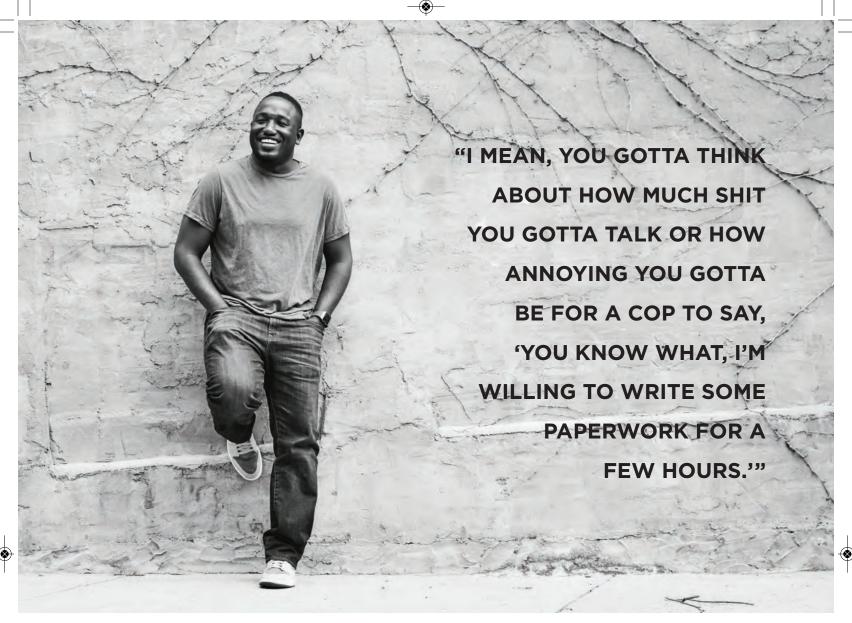
I mean, you gotta think about how much shit you gotta talk or how annoying you gotta be for a cop to say, "You know what, I'm willing to write some paperwork for a few hours." I was definitely being an unnecessary asshole. Not the best thing to be, but it's not illegal.

A month after this shit happened, they released the body camera footage. The reason he got mad is that at the very end of the situation—after he'd followed me into the bar, the reason I got arrested was because I started talking to the body camera instead of talking to him, you know, "Yo, YouTube, what's going on? YouTube, it's Hannibal. What's happening?" And that's when he was like, "Put your hands behind your back."

#### What do you talk about onstage these days?

I talk about me a lot. It's easier to just have something happen and try to process it then to go and seek out stuff. I mean I still do that to an extent,





but the new tour is just me talking about stopping drinking, or being 35, buying my first piece of property and the feelings behind that.

# In *Comedy Camisado*, your Netflix stand-up special, you talk a little bit about cuckolding and amateur porn.

Well, now that I produce stuff and know what it is to cast a show, I always wonder, with some amateur porn that makes it to the internet, what's the production process for getting a 58-year-old suburban white lady to fuck on camera? What, you put ads out on Craigslist? Do you approach people at the grocery store? Just how do you get from Point A to the old-lady orgy scene? Like how do you get there? And there's so much of it! It seems like you gotta have some tough conversations.

**Okay, Hannibal, thank you. I think that's all I've got. Anything you want to add?** Whenever a journalist asks me this, I'm always like, this is my moment to say whatever, but I never have anything to say. I always feel like I should go off at this point. I can't imagine, if you said that to Kanye, he'd be like, "No, I'm good." [Laughs.] He'd never say, "I said all I wanted to say." He'd probably give you 30 more minutes!

#### And you?

I got nothing.

Follow this funnyman on Twitter and Instagram @HannibalBuress.







"Happy anniversary, dear. I got my secretary to give me a blowjob so you wouldn't have to."



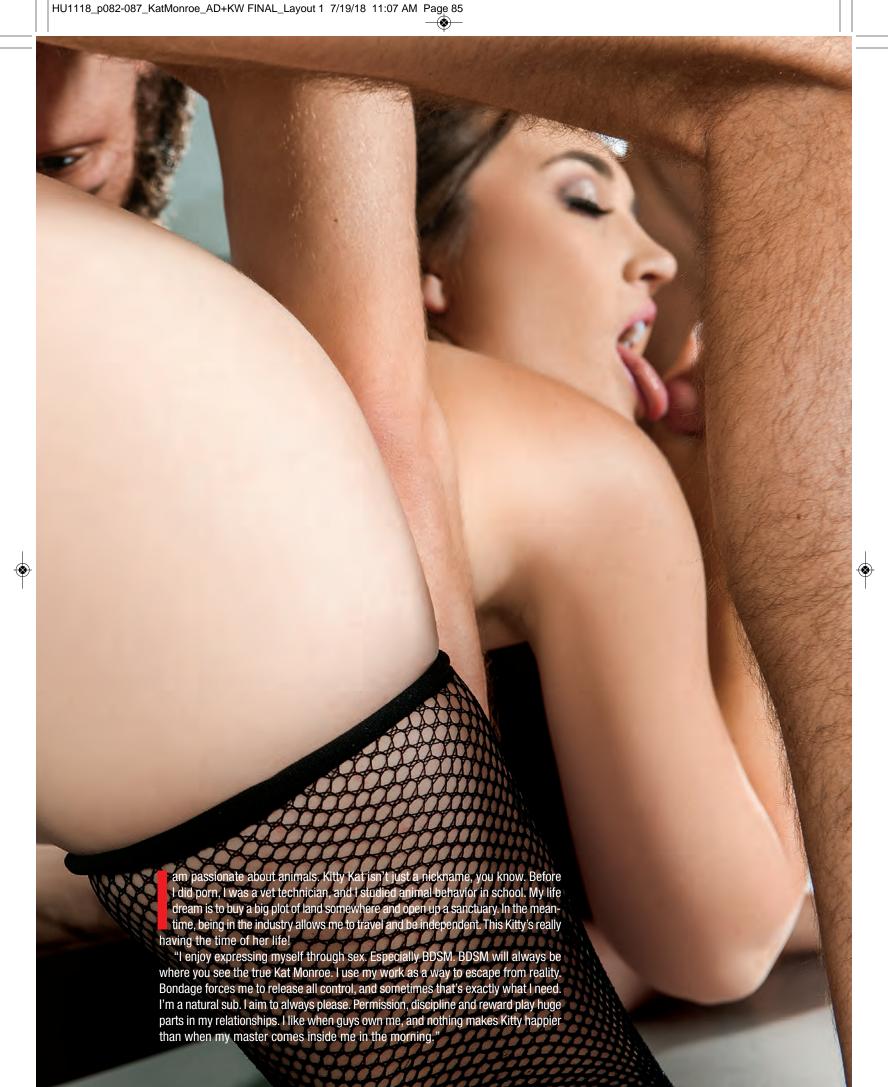






















#### TEENS SWING WITH COUPLES

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BOBBY MANILA. STARRING: LISEY SWEET, SADIE SANTANA, LILY JORDAN, JENNIFER WHITE, HALEY REED, LAYLA PRICE, JOVAN JORDAN, MARK ZANE & DYLAN SNOW.

Teens Swing With Couples explores the type of sexual mentorship that might not cure all of the world's ills, but

certainly serves as a tutorial on how to come together in these troubled times. Sadie Santana brings home her student Lisey Sweet for a group cram session with her husband, the school's dean. Santana and Sweet make a pleasing contrast, the former a seasoned mahogany goddess and the latter a milkywhite, sweet-cheeked blonde with perky curves. They join forces to tackle Dean Horsedick's imposing groin girder, with Sweet in particular receiving a powerful lesson in the school of hard cocks. Sweet has a farm-girl glow about her, and she gets a thorough plowing, hopping on her educator's towering sperm silo like it's a jizz-filled pogo stick. It's a wonder her belly button jewelry doesn't pop out from the pressure. Elsewhere, cougarish brunette Jennifer White brings home the new girl from her office, Lily Jordan, for an employee evaluation. Jordan is a fresh-faced, bright-eyed, eager beaver who's willing to go that extra mile—gargling the balls of her boss's husband and planting his prick nuts-deep in her pussy. She'll go far in this world, with her willingness to give head to get ahead. The real crown jewel here is Haley Reed, a doeeyed, waifish blonde who's been jailed for colluding with the Russians. Agent Layla Price and her male partner interrogate Reed, launching a deep probe of her esophagus and pussy. In crueler times, a prisoner like Reed might have been waterboarded; here, they simply shove her yap onto the dude's prong. Teens Swing With Couples will rock your world—at least for a night. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. —Pico D. Ribibi























#### **CHEATER CHEATER**

TRENCHCOATX. DIRECTOR: KAYDEN KROSS. STARRING: BRIDGETTE B., ARIE FAYE, ANA FOXXX, ALEXA GRACE, KAYDEN KROSS, MANUEL FERRARA, RICKY JOHNSON, TYLER NIXON & STALLION.

With her recent directorial efforts, Kayden Kross

has proven that she's a considerable force behind the camera. In Cheater Cheater, she shows that she's still capable of generating considerable heat in front of the lens. This paean to infidelity kicks off with Kross, a classic, curvy blonde, ferociously confronting mahogany vixen Ana Foxxx about coming on to her man. In a particularly gratifying example of conflict resolution, the hair-pulling, choking and slapping give way to kissing and caressing. The resultant sex scene is given further spark by the overtones of lingering vengeance—Kross digs her fingers into Foxxx's girl gulch like it's a sink drain she dropped her wedding ring into and swats Foxxx's ass with a hairbrush. Revenge seldom comes sweeter than this, and as always with Kross's offerings, the lighting and camerawork are warm and intimate. Elsewhere, Amber Rose-esque sexpot Arie Faye—whose thighs could surely crush your skull like a walnut takes a delightfully deep dicking. The only real quibble with Cheater Cheater comes in the trout-lipped, mammoth-mammed form of Bridgette B., who gets with horse-hung Stallion before returning to her main squeeze, Manuel Ferrara. Bridgette B. is attractive enough. Still, essentially using the same actress in two consecutive sex scenes suggests that the excessive padding here isn't confined to Bridgette B.'s voluptuous physique. Overall, though, Cheater Cheater won't leave you feeling ripped off. —P.D.R.















#### PRETTY LITTLE SLUTS

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: KHLOE KAPRI, GINA VALENTINA, IVY WOLFE, NINA NORTH & MANUEL FERRARA.

There's porn that makes you think, and then there's porn that only makes you think you're thinking. Pretty Little Sluts falls into the latter category. Adorned with bells and whistles that hint at a more ambitious form of smut-tinkling piano music, voice-over dialogue—this is ultimately a showcase for Manuel Ferrara to sexually rough up yet another succession of flesh pockets. Which is fine in itself, as long as the female talent is up to snuff. Unfortunately, that's not always the case here, such as with video opener Khloe Kapri, who kicks things off with a slightly clown-faced Kellyanne Conway-ish look about her. At least Kapri is game for a rough tumble, pounding her face on Ferrara's jackhammer with zest and tongue-scouring his dung hatch. Ultimately it's like listening to the latest Maroon 5 single; the production is decent—you might even bob your head in appreciation at times—but it's nothing you haven't experienced before. The video redeems itself with pale, lithe, strawhaired Ivy Wolfe. With her cupcake tits and a wisp of pubes atop her mound, Wolfe is about as innocent-looking as one could hope for in such an offering. Squint hard enough, and she might pass for Taylor Swift. Elsewhere, fresh-faced brunette Gina Valentina double-fists Ferrara's dong as she slobbers all over it, then takes a drubbing to her pooper that makes her eyes roll back in her head. Pretty Little Sluts is pretty okay, but it's nothing to write home about. —P.D.R.

















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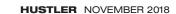






#### **GABRIELLA DANIELS**

"I love being naked where people can get a good look," declares Gabriella Daniels, 19, a college student from far-off Kharkiv, Ukraine. We're stoked that chicks worldwide want to peel here. "I'm bubbly, energetic and unpredictable," the 5-foot-9 hottie relates. "My hobbies are reading Lyubko Deresh novels, crossword puzzles and running. I run outdoors when I won't freeze my ass off, and I have a treadmill in my apartment. Ukrainian winters really suck!" Gabriella's sex life doesn't. "I'm straight and submissive," she admits. "I want my partner to do as he pleases. I belong to him, and he can use blindfolds, gags and handcuffs—anything to take control!" Gabriella, who insists that "fucking should last longer than 180 seconds," doesn't always get her way: "Since I'm a total bookworm, I'm often in bookstores. One afternoon I invited a guy friend to browse through the aisles with me. I was teasing him, and we both got horny, so we began making out in the health and fitness section. Next thing you know, my skirt and panties were down, and we had a quickie I'll never forget." —*Photos by Omnia Productions* 

















#### **LILY POOLE**

"I wanted to appear nude in a magazine ever since I saw Forrest Gump," says Lily Poole, 25, from Wilmington, North Carolina. "Forrest's girlfriend Jenny posed for a popular nudie magazine, and I got turned on thinking about thousands and thousands of men looking at my naked body." The 5-foot-8 newcomer adds, "I'm eager, curious, personable and inquisitive. I enjoy swimming, all kinds of movies—especially any with Jack Nicholson—and playing Magic: The Gathering. But I really get a rush from playing the game of trying to seduce someone where I shouldn't be so naughty, like in a restaurant." Admittedly bi, Lily is a big fan of bedroom gatherings. "My favorite sexual activity is a threesome or more," she explains. "I can't get enough of feeling multiple bodies pleasing me as I please multiple others. Just talking about being a part of group sex turns me on so much that I want to play with myself right now." Before tending to her urge, Lily tells us, "I'm a legal fantasy sex companion at Sagebrush Ranch [outside Carson City, Nevada], and my fantasy is student-teacher role-play." —Photos by Friend









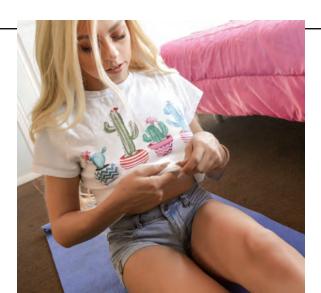


#### **SELENA**

This 22-year-old from Waco, Texas, wastes no time filling us in on her virtues. "I'm loyal, loving and brutally honest," Selena boasts, "and those are the qualities I look for in a man. When I have a beau, I'll please him anywhere and anytime. I have a big heart." The 4-foot-11 cutie's amorous playbook is big too. "I'm still straight," Selena fesses up, "and my favorite position for fucking is doggy. I look amazing from behind, so it's also a nice view for my partner, and I'm okay with anal a little bit. But what I love most is being eaten out and going down on a guy. I've been told I give really great blowjobs." Selena's asexual kicks include shopping, watching TV (primarily Dallas Cowboys games, Game of Thrones and Westworld) and grooving to hip-hop music. Before splitting, Selena gushes, "I'm a come-and-get-it kinda girl, and I hope your readers get turned on seeing me butt naked." —Photos by Ron Neumann







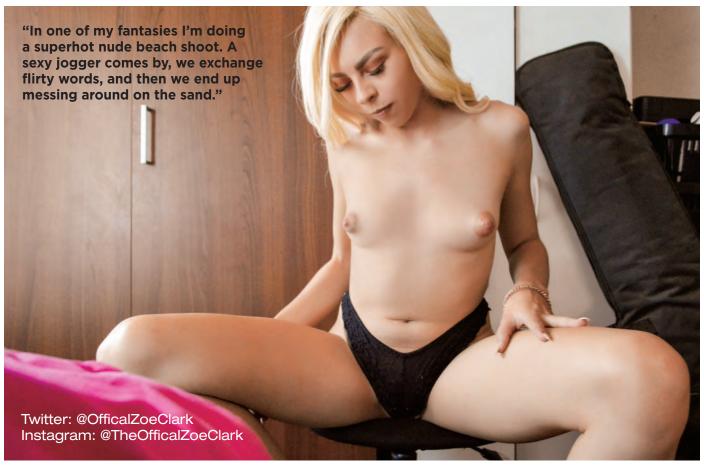




#### **ZOE CLARK**

"Being in HUSTLER is one of my biggest accomplishments!" raves Zoe Clark, 20, an aspiring skin-bizzer from Kansas City, Missouri. "I'm very proud of myself and thankful. I can't wait to hear from my new fans." The 5-foot-1 Show-Me Stater is a treat to gaze at and listen to. "I'm into songwriting, singing, Ella Mai, G-Eazy, all the *Fast and the Furious* flicks and working on my future," Zoe avows. "I'm funny, outgoing, mostly submissive and definitely bi because I like juicy pussies almost as much as I like big, juicy cocks. My favorite sexual activities are giving and receiving some sloppy, sloppy head. I'd have to say that my best talent is eating the dick!" Zoe also digs being pounded from behind: "Doggy-style lets that big, hard cock hit every spot it's supposed to, and I can be spanked hard."

—Photos by J. Ellis Cox









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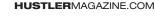
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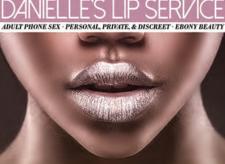






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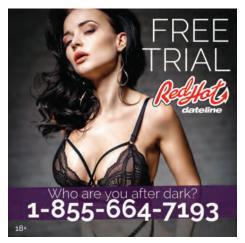


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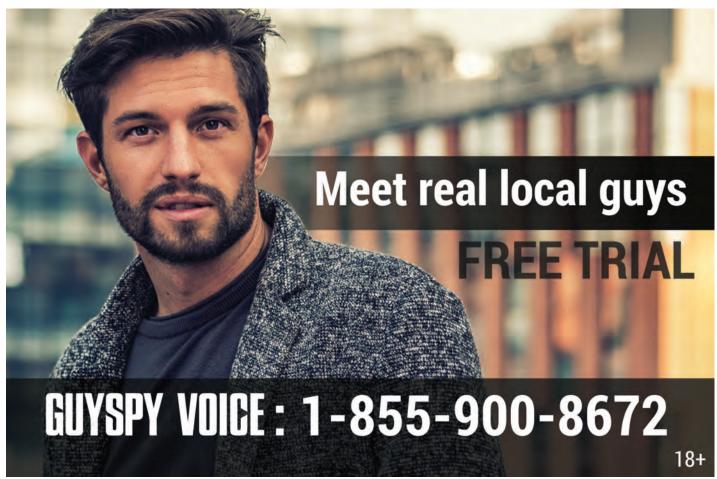


















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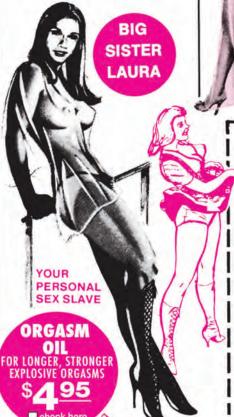
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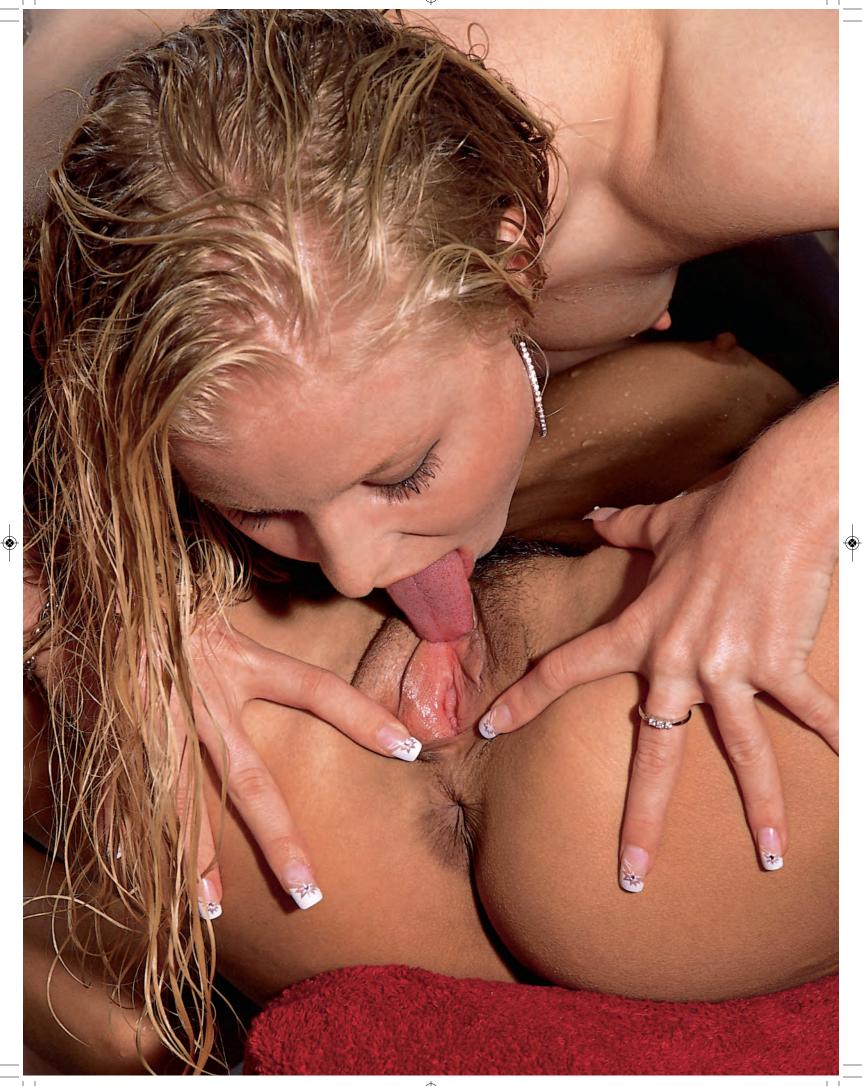


























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#### **GZA: THE GENIUS**

For over 20 years this founding member of Wu-Tang Clan has been expanding the vocabulary of hip-hop. The grand professor takes us to school on dropping soul lyrics like scripture, the Wu-Tang diet and his love for Judge Judy, Interview by Lee Keeler. Photography by Victor Lightworship.



higher for sex workers, who are staring down the double barrels of the deadly legislative combo SESTA/FOSTA. The antisex zealots are winning, but this fight is far from over. Activists explain why you should be freaking out, and how everyone has a stake in this fight. Article by John Blaylock.



#### **TEMPERATURE'S RISING**

Summertime, and the living is easy. Pool parties, barbecues and barely legal teens barely dressed in tiny string bikinis or, better yet, nothing at all. Excessive heat warning! Starring Aria Sky, Brooke Haze, Jessica Rex and Sami Parker. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.







**-⊗**-

